BRIGHTER ENGLISH

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Brighter English

A BOOK OF SHORT STORIES

PLAYS, POEMS AND ESSAYS

WITH EXERCISES

By C. E. ECKERSLEY

Revised Edition

MADHYA PRADESH
EDITION

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PREFACE

THE main criticism of my *England and the English* was that it was rather too difficult for all except advanced students, and there were several requests for an easier book leading up to it. In response to these, my publishers asked me to prepare a volume on similar lines, simpler–but not childish–and keeping, if possible, the same preponderance of modern writers and the same high literary quality in the extracts that had been a feature of the earlier book. It is hoped that these requirements have been met in *Brighter English*. The names of such contributors as John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, J. B. Priestley, Somerset Maugham, James Thurber, Aldous Huxley, Robert Lynd, Alfred Noyes, "Saki", Ivor Brown, and Gilbert Frankau bear sufficient testimony to the excellence and modernity and interest of the material. The short biographies or critical appreciations that precede the contributions of most of the authors will, perhaps, help to arouse or increase this interest.

As in *England and the English*, each extract is followed by a number of exercises based on the preceding reading matter. These exercises are considerably easier than those in the earlier volume, and should be well within the scope of the average student. The exercises take in vocabulary, grammar, punctuation, idiom, pronunciation, use of prepositions, direct and indirect speech, "comprehension", paraphrase, figures of speech, and sentence structure, while the composition exercises are designed to give practice in the writing of essays, letters, telegrams, and précis on subjects that, it is hoped, will awaken the interest of the student, so that *Brighter English* will bring better English.

C. E. E.

NOTE TO THE FOURTH EDITION (1959)

THE present edition of *Brighter English* is substantially the same as the previous ones. But some further biographical and critical notes have been added and others have been brought up to date. A few changes of material have also been made; thus Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin* has been replaced by two shorter, simpler but still characteristic poems, and for contrast two short poems by Browning's greatest contemporary, Tennyson, have been added. Kipling's *The Sons of Martha* and Lynd's *Fear of Heights* have also been omitted. In all these changes and in the correction of one or two errors I have been greatly helped by the suggestions and criticisms of teachers and students both at home and overseas, and to all these helpers I extend my sincere thanks.

C. E. E.

CONTENTS

PREFACE *page* v

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS ix

SHORT STORIES

THE LUNCHEON *by W. Somerset Maugham* 1

NINE NEEDLES *by James Thurber* 9

THE GLOVE *by R. U. Joyce* 16

MORNINGS AT SEVEN *by Bernard Hollowood* 23

ACME *by John Galsworthy* 27

POST HASTE *by Colin Howard* 37

THE DANCING PARTNER *by Jerome K. Jerome* 43

THE HAPPY PRINCE *by Oscar Wilde* 53

THE PEARL OF LOVE *by H. G. Wells* 69

PLAYS

THE NEVER-NEVER N ST *by Cedric Mount* 78

THE DEATH TRAP *by "Saki" (H. H. Munro)* 84

IF I WERE YOU *by Douglas James* 92

FRIDAY MORNING—A RADIO DRAMA *by Val Gielgua* 100

FROM THE NOVELISTS

THE BEAR, from *The Cloister and the Hearth, by Charles Reade* 124

BARKIS PROPOSES TO PEGGOTTY, from *David Copperfield, by Charles Dickens* 131

CONTENTS

BECKY AND AMELIA LEAVE SCHOOL, from *Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray* *page* 144

THE TRIAL OF FERGUS MACIVOR, from *Waverly, by Sir Walter Scott* 151

LAVENGRO TALKS WITH JASPER PETULENGRO, from *Lavengro, by George Borrow* 158

A MAD TEA-PARTY, from *Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll* 159

POEMS

THE HIGHWAYMAN *by Alfred Noyes* 170

ABOU BEN ADHEM *by Leigh Hunt* 176

LUCY *by William Wordsworth* 178

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD *by Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 179

ULYSSES *by Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 180

MEMORABILIA *by Robert Browning* 185

THE PATRIOT *by Robert Browning* 186

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB *by Lord Byron* 188

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH *by Lord Macaulay* 191

ESSAYS

BACK TO THE DESK *by Robert Lynd* 193

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "QUEEN MARY" *by J. B. Priestly* 199

I AM A HIGHBROW *by Aldous Huxley* 206

I AM A LOWBROW *by Gilbert Frankau* 213

SAD SECRETARY *by Ivor Brown* 219

CONVERSATIONS

MRS CAUDLE LECTURES HER HUSBAND
by Douglas Jerrold *page* 225

WHERE DOES INVENTION LEAD? "A CONVERSATION IN A TRAIN" *by Eimar O'Duffy* 230

NOTE ON SUGGESTED ORDER OF READING 243

INDEX OF EXERCISES 245

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SHORT STORIES

THE LUNCHEON

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (1874-)

Few writers are more popular either in England or abroad than Somerset Maugham. He was born in 1874 and, after studying at Heidelberg and St Thomas's Hospital, London, he qualified as a doctor. But he preferred to devote his life to literature. He has achieved success as a novelist with such novels as *Of Human Bondage*, *Cakes and Ale*, *The Razor's Edge*; and as a dramatist in the witty, satirical plays *Our Betters*, *The Circle*, and *The Breadwinner*; but his greatest success has been gained, perhaps, by his short stories. Maugham is a realist with a cool, unemotional (some people might say a cynical) outlook on life. He has an amazing skill for revealing, with a few touches, a situation and the essentials of character, and his rather acid stories are told with a lucidity and an economy of words that are the marks of the supreme craftsman.

I caught sight of her at the play, and in answer to her beckoning[1] I went over during the interval and sat down beside her. It was long since I had last seen her, and if someone had not mentioned her name I hardly think I would have recognised her. She addressed me brightly.

"Well, it's many years since we first met. How time does fly! We're none of us getting any younger. Do you remember the first time I saw you? You asked me to luncheon."

Did I remember?

It was twenty years ago and I was living in Paris. I had a tiny apartment in the Latin quarter overlooking a cemetery[2], and I was earning barely enough money to keep body and soul together. She had read a book of

[1] beckon = make a sign with the finger asking a person to come.
[2] cemetery = place where people are buried.

mine and had written to me about it. I answered, thanking her, and presently I received from her another letter saying that she was passing through Paris and would like to have a chat[1] with me ; but her time was limited, and the only free moment she had was on the following Thursday ; she was spending the morning at the Luxembourg and would I give her a little luncheon at Foyot's afterwards? Foyot's is a restaurant at which the French senators eat, and it was so far beyond my means that I had never even thought of going there. But I was flattered, and I was too young to have learned to say no to a woman. (Few men, I may add, learn this until they are too old to make it of any consequence[2] to a woman what they say). I had eighty francs (gold francs) to last me the rest of the month, and a modest luncheon should not cost more than fifteen. If I cut out coffee for the next two weeks I could manage well enough.

I answered that I would meet my friend—by correspondence—at Foyot's on Thursday at half-past twelve. She was not so young as I expected and in appearance imposing rather than attractive. She was, in fact, a woman of forty (a charming age, but not one that excites a sudden and devastating[3] passion at first sight), and she gave me the impression of having more teeth, white and large and even, than were necessary for any practical purpose. She was talkative, but since she seemed inclined to talk about me I was prepared to be an attentive listener.

I was startled when the bill of fare was brought, for the prices were a great deal higher than I had anticipated.[4] But she reassured[5] me.

"I never eat anything for luncheon," she said.

[1] chat=friendly talk.
[2] consequence=importance.
[3] devastating=destructive; causing ruin: sweeping everything before it.
[4] anticipate=expect. [5] reassure=set a person's mind at rest.

"Oh, don't say that" I answered generously.

"I never eat more than one thing. I think people eat far too much nowadays. A little fish, perhaps. I wonder if they have any salmon."

Well, it was early in the year for salmon and it was not on the bill of fare, but I asked the waiter if there was any. Yes, a beautiful salmon had just come in, it was the first they had had. I ordered it for my guest. The waiter asked her if she would have something while it was being cooked.

"No," she answered, "I never eat more than one thing. Unless you have a little caviare. I never mind caviare."

My heart sank a little. I knew I could not afford caviare, but I could not very well tell her that. I told the waiter by all means bring caviare. For myself I chose the cheapest dish on the menu and that was a mutton chop.

"I think you are unwise to eat meat," she said. "I don't know how you can expect to work after eating heavy things like chops. I don't believe in overloading my stomach."

Then came the question of drink.

"I never drink anything for luncheon," she said.

"Neither do I," I answered promptly.

"Except white wine," she proceeded as though I had not spoken. "These French white wines are so light. They're wonderful for the digestion."

"What would you like?" I asked, hospitable[1] still, but not exactly effusive.[2]

She gave me a bright and amicable flash of her white teeth.

"My doctor won't let me drink anything but champagne."

In fancy I turned a trifle pale. I ordered half a bottle

[1] hospitable = generous in the treatment of a guest.
[2] effusive = overdoing sign of pleasure.

I mentioned casually[1] that my doctor had absolutely forbidden me to drink champagne.

"What are you going to drink, then?"

"Water."

She ate the caviare and she ate the salmon. She talked gaily of art and literature and music. But I wondered what the bill would come to. When my mutton chop arrived she took me quite seriously to task.

"I see that you're in the habit of eating a heavy luncheon. I'm sure it's a mistake. Why don't you follow my example and just eat one thing? I'm sure you'd feel ever so much better for it."

"I am only going to eat one thing," I said, as the waiter came again with the bill of fare.

She waved him aside with an airy gesture.

"No, no, I never eat anything for luncheon. Just a bite, I never want more than that, and I eat that more as an excuse for conversation than anything else. I couldn't possibly eat anything more unless they had some of those giant asparagus. I should be sorry to leave Paris without having some of them."

My heart sank. I had seen them in the shops, and I knew that they were horribly expensive. My mouth had often watered at the sight of them.

"Madame wants to know if you have any of those giant asparagus," I asked the waiter.

I tried with all my might to will him to say no. A happy smile spread over his broad, priest-like face, and he assured me that they had some so large, so splendid, so tender, that it was a marvel.

"I'm not in the least hungry," my guest sighed, "but if you insist I don't mind having some asparagus."

I ordered them.

"Aren't you going to have any?"

[1] casually = in passing; as if it was of no great importance.

"No, I never eat asparagus."

"I know there are people who don't like them. The fact is, you ruin your palate[1] by all the meat you eat."

We waited for the asparagus to be cooked. Panic seized me. It was not a question now how much money I should have left over for the rest of the month, but whether I had enough to pay the bill. It would be mortifying[2] to find myself ten francs short and be obliged to borrow from my guest. I could not bring myself to do that. I knew exactly how much I had, and if the bill came to more I made up my mind that I would put my hand in my pocket and with a dramatic cry start up and say it had been picked. Of course, it would be awkward if she had not money enough either to pay the bill. Then the only thing would be go leave my watch and say I would come back and pay later.

The asparagus appeared. They were enormous, succulent,[3] and appetising. The smell of the melted butter tickled my nostrils as the nostrils of Jehovah were tickled by the burned offerings of the virtuous Semites. I watched the abandoned[4] woman thrust them down her throat in large voluptuous mouthfuls, and in my polite way I discoursed on the condition of the drama in the Balkans. At last she finished.

"Coffee?" I said.

"Yes, just an ice-cream and coffee," she answered.

I was past caring now, so I ordered coffee for myself and an ice-cream and coffee for her.

"You know, there's one thing I thoroughly believe in," she said, as she ate the ice-cream. "One should always get up from a meal feeling one could eat a little more."

"Are you still hungry?" I asked faintly.

[1] palate = sense of taste.
[2] mortifying = causing embarrassment.
[3] succulent = juicy.
[4] abandoned = wicked.

"Oh, no, I'm not hungry ; you see, I don't eat luncheon. I have a cup of coffee in the morning and then dinner, but I never eat more than one thing for luncheon. I was speaking for you."

"Oh, I see!"

Then a terrible thing happened. While we were waiting for the coffee the head waiter, with an ingratiating[1] smile on his false face, came up to us bearing a large basket full of huge peaches. They had the blush of an innocent girl ; they had the rich tone of an Italian landscape. But surely peaches were not in season then? Lord knew what they cost. I knew too—a little later, for my guest, going on with her conversation, absentmindedly[2] took one.

"You see, you've filled your stomach with a lot of meat"—my one miserable little chop—"and you can't eat any more. But I've just had a snack[3] and I shall enjoy a peach.

The bill came, and when I paid it I found that I had only enough for a quite inadequate[4] tip. Her eyes rested for an instant on the three francs I left for the waiter, and I knew that she thought me mean. But when I walked out of the restaurant I had the whole month before me and not a penny in my pocket.

"Follow my example," she said as we shook hands, "and never eat more than one thing for luncheon."

"I'll do better than that," I retorted. "I'll eat nothing for dinner to-night."

"Humorist " she cried gaily, jumping into a cab. "You're quite a humorist!"

But I have had my revenge at last. I do not believe that I am a vindictive[5] man, but when the immortal

[1] ingratiating = wanting to get into favour.
[2] absentmindedly = with thoughts not on the subject.
[3] snack = very small, quick meal.
[4] inadequate = not sufficient.
[5] vindictive = spiteful.

gods take a hand in the matter it is pardonable to observe the result with complacency.[1] To-day she weighs twenty-one stone.[2]

EXERCISES

I. These are some of the words used in the story. Find the meaning of them and use each one in a sentence :

1. beckon
2. interval
3. apartment
4. flatter
5. modest
6. imposing
7. gesture
8. practical
9. startled
10. generous
11. caviare
12. overload
13. ruin
14. expensive
15. panic
16. awkward
17. nostrils
18. thrust
19. discourse
20. forbid

II. The following idiomatic pharases occurred in this story. Notice how each is used and make sentences containing each of them :

1. catch sight of (p. 1).
2. to keep body and soul together (p. 1).
3. spend the morning (p. 2).
4. beyond my means (p. 2).
5. I cut out coffee (p. 2).
6. I could manage (p. 2).
7. At first sight (p. 2).
8. I never mind (p. 3).
9. my heart sank (p. 3).
10. by all means (p. 3).
11. I turned a trifle pale (p. 3).
12. she took me seriously to task (p. 4).
13. my mouth watered (p. 4).

[1] complacency = self-satisfaction.
[2] a stone = 14 pounds (6.35 kilos).

14. if you insist (p. 4).
15. the fact is (p. 5).
16. my pocket had been picked (p. 5).
17. peaches were not in season (p. 6).
18. take a hand in the matter (p. 7).

III. Insert the prepositions omitted here. The phrases or sentences are all taken from *The Luncheon*.

1. I caught sight — her — the play.
2. She had read a book — mine and had written — me — it.
3. She gave me the impression — having more teeth than were necessary — any practical purpose.
4. It was early — the year — salmon and it was not — the bill — fare.
5. I never drink anything — lunch — white wine.
6. You'd feel much better — it.
7. I should be sorry to leave Paris — having some — them.
8. I tried — all my might.
9. The waiter with a smile — his face brought a basket full — peaches.
10. Her eyes rested — an instant — the three francs I had left — the waiter.
11. I had the whole month — me and not a penny — my pocket.

IV. Complete the following familiar idiomatic comparisons :

1. as sharp as a —
2. as slippery as an —
3. as mad as a —
4. as drunk as a —
5. as sober as a —
6. as dry as a —
7. as thin as a —
8. as quick as a —
9. as stiff as a —
10. as hungry as a —

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of *The Luncheon* in about 400 words.
II. Tell the story as the waiter might have told it.
III. Describe exactly how you would :
(*a*) cook a mutton chop, (*b*) make coffee.
IV. Describe an embarrassing experience (real or imaginary) that you have had.

NINE NEEDLES

By JAMES THURBER (1894-)

James Grover Thurber is perhaps the best-known of modern American humorists. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, and after studying at Ohio State University was a reporter for various American newspapers and for the *Chicago Tribune* in Paris. In addition to being an author, he is a brilliant cartoonist and generally illustrates his own books with drawings that have the same qualities of irony, satire, and fantastic humour as his prose sketches of twentieth-century American life. His best-known books are *Is Sex Necessary? The Owl in the Attic, The Seal in the Bedroom, My Life and Hard Times, The Middle-aged Man on the Flying Trapeze, Let Your Mind Alone* (from which the following sketch is taken), and *The Last Flower.*

One of the more spectacular[1] minor happenings of the past few years which I am sorry that I missed took place in the Columbus, Ohio, home of some friends of a friend of mine. It seems that a Mr. Albatross, while looking for something in his medicine cabinet one morning, discovered a bottle of a kind of patent medicine which his wife had been taking for a stomach ailment. Now, Mr Albatross is one of those apprehensive[2] men who are aftaid of patent medicines and of almost everything else. Some weeks before, he had encountered a

[1] spectacular = striking; unusual: providing a fine show.
[2] apprehensive = easily made frightened.

paragraph in a Consumers' Research bulletin which announced that this particular medicine was bad for yon. He had thereupon ordered his wife to throw out what was left of her supply of the stuff and never buy any more. She had promised, and here now was another bottle of the perilous liqud. Mr Albatross, a man given to quick rages, shouted the conclusion of the story at my friend : "I threw the bottle out of the bathroom window and the medicine chest after it!" It seems to me that must have been a spectacle[1] worth going a long way to see.

I am sure that many a husband has wanted to wrench[2] the family medicine cabinet off the wall and throw it out of the window, if only because the average medicine cabinet is so filled with mysterious bottles and unidentifiable objects of all kinds that it is a source of constant bewilderment and exasperation[3] to the American male. Surely the British medicine cabinet and the French medicine cabinet and all the other medicine cabinets must be simpler and better ordered than ours. It may be that the American habit of saving everything and never throwing anything away, even empty bottles, causes the domestic medicine cabinet to become as cluttered[4] in its small way as the American attic becomes cluttered in its major way. I have encountered few medicine cabinets in this country which were not pack-jammed[5] with something between a hundred and fifty and two hundred different items, from dental floss[6] to boracic acid, from razor blades to sodium perborate,[7] from adhesive[8] tape to coconut oil. Even the neatest wife will put off[9] clearing

[1] spectacle = sight.
[2] wrench = pull violently.
[3] exasperation = annoyance ; anger.
[4] cluttered = untidy ; filled with a disordered mass of things.
[5] pack-jammed (American) = absolutely filled.
[6] dental floss = fine threads of silk for cleaning between the teeth.
[7] sodium perborate = a substance for bleaching (*i.e.*, making white). It is used in making soap powders.
[8] adhesive = sticky.
[9] put off = delay.

out the medicine cabinet on the ground that she has something else to do that is more important at the moment, or more diverting.[1] It was in the apartment of such a wife and her husband that I became enormously involved with a medcine cabinet one morning not long ago

I had spent the week-end with this couple—they live on East Tenth Street near Fifth Avenue—such a week-end as left me reluctant[2] to rise up on Monday morning with bright and shining face and go to work. They got up and went to work, but I didn't. I didn't get up until about two-thirty in the afternoon. I had my face all lathered[3] for shaving and the wash-bowl was full of hot water when suddenly I cut myself with the razor. I cut my ear. Very few men cut their ears with razors, but I do, possibly because I was tanght the old Spenserian free wrist movement by my writing teacher in the grammar grades.[4] The ear bleeds rather profusely when cut with a razor and is difficult to get at. More angry than hurt, I jerked[5] open the door of the medicine cabinet to see if I could find a styptic pencil[6] and out fell, from the top shelf, a little black paper packet containing nine needles. It seems that this wife kept a little paper packet containing nine needles on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet. The packet fell into the soapy water of the wash-bowl, where the paper rapidly disintegrated,[7] leaving nine needles at large[8] in the bowl. I was, naturally enough, not in the best condition, either physical or mental, to recover nine needles from a wash-bowl. No gentleman who has lather on his face and whose ear is bleeding is

[1] diverting = interesting, amusing.
[2] reluctant = unwilling.
[3] lathered = covered with soap.
[4] grammar grade (American) = the first class in a school.
[5] jerked = pulled.
[6] styptic pencil = stick of a chemical substance to stop bleeding.
[7] disintegrate = break up.
[8] at large = free (the usual meaning is " not in prison").

in the best condition for anything, even something involving the handling of nine large blunt objects.

It did not seem wise to me to pull the plug out of the wash-bowl and let the needles go down the drain. I had visions of clogging up[1] the plumbing system of the house, and also a vague fear of causing short circuits somehow or other (I know very little about electricity and I don't want to have it explained to me). Finally, I groped[2] very gently around the bowl and eventually[3] had four of the needles in the palm of one hand and three in the palm of the other—two I couldn't find. If I thought quickly and clearly, I wouldn't have done that. A lathered man whose ear is bleeding and who has four wet needles in one hand and three in the other may be said to have reached the lowest known point of human efficiency. There is nothing he can do but stand there. I tried transferring the needles in my left hand to the palm of my right hand, but I couldn't get them off my left hand. Wet needles cling to you. In the end, I wiped the needles off on to a bath-towel which was hanging on a rod above the bath-tub. It was the only towel that I could find. I had to dry my hands afterwards on the bath-mat. Then I tried to find the needles in the towel. Hunting for seven needles in a bath-towel is the most tedious occupation I have ever engaged in. I could find only five of them. With the two that had been left in the bowl, that meant there were four needles in all missing—two in the wash-bowl and two others lurking[4] in the towel or lying in the bath-tub under the towel. Frightful thoughts came to me of what might happen to anyone who used that towel or washed his face in the bowl or got into the tub, if I didn't find the missing needles. Well, I didn't find

[1] clog = block ; stop ; prevent from working.
[2] grope = feel blindly.
[3] eventually = in the end.
[4] lurking = hiding.

them. I sat down on the edge of the tub to think, and I decided finally that the only thing to do was wrap up the towel in a newspaper and take it away wth me. I also decided to leave a note for my friends explaining as clearly as I could that I was afraid there were two needles in the bath-tub and two needles in the wash-bowl, and that they had better be careful.

I looked everywhere in the apartment, but I could not find a pencil, or a pen, or a typewriter. I could find pieces of paper, but nothing with which to write on them. I don't know what gave me the idea—a movie[1] I had seen, perhaps, or a story I had read—but I suddenly thought of writing a message with a lipstick. The wife might have an extra lipstick lying around and, if so, I concluded it would be in the medicine cabinet. I went back to the medicine cabinet and began poking around in it for a lipstick. I saw what I thought looked like the metal tip of one, and I got two fingers around it and began to pull gently—it was under a lot of things. Every object in the medicine cabinet began to slide. Bottles broke in the wash-bowl and on the floor; red, brown, and white liquids spurted[2]; nail-files, scissors, razor-blades, and miscellaneous[3] objects sang and clattered[4] and tinkled.[5] I was covered with perfume, peroxide, and cold cream.

It took me half an hour to get the debris all together in the middle of the bathroom floor. I made no attempt to put anything back in the medicine cabinet. I knew it would take a steadier hand than mine and a less shattered spirit. Before I went away (only partly shaved) and abandoned the shambles,[6] I left a note saying that I was afraid there were needles in the bath-tub and the wash-bowl and that I had taken their towel and that I would

[1] movie (*slang*) = "moving picture"; film.
[2] spurt = shoot out.
[3] miscellaneous = of all kinds.
[4] clatter = fall noisily.
[5] tinkle = make a sound like a small bell.
[6] shambles = place where animals are killed; place covered in blood.

call up[1] and tell them everything—I wrote it in iodine with the end of a toothbrush. I have not yet called up, I am sorry to say. I have neither found the courage nor thought up the words to explain what happened. I suppose my friends believe that I deliberately smashed up their bathroom and stole their towel. I don't know for sure, because they have not yet called me up either.

EXERCISES

I. The following words occurred in the story. Use each of them in a separate sentence so as to bring out the meaning of the word :

1. spectacle
2. spectacular
3. medicine
4. ailment
5. transfer
6. conclude
7. perilous
8. attic
9. reluctant
10. profusely
11. palm
12. liquid
13. packet
14. plug
15. plumbing
16. efficiency
17. tedious
18. abandon

II. Give the opposites of the following words, all of which occur in this story. Use each of your words in a sentence :

1. minor
2. sorry
3. friend
4. never
5. liquid
6. male
7. neat
8 bright
9. rapidly
10. physical
11. blunt
12. wise
13. vague
14. gently
15. tedious

III. Make the following sentences negative :

1. Mr Albatross is afraid of patent medicines.
2. She had promised to throw the stuff away.

[1] call up = telephone.

3. I could find a pencil or a pen.
4. I will ring up my friends.
5. He discovered a bottle of patent medicine.
6. I threw the bottle out of the bathroom window.
7. They got up early.
8. They went to work.
9. The ear bleeds profusely from a cut with a razor.
10. It is difficult to get at.
11. A little black paper packet fell out.
12. This wife keeps the packet on the top shelf.
13. It seemed wise to me to pull up the plug.
14. I want to have this explained to me.
15. I thought quickly and clearly.
16. I could get the needles off my left hand.
17. He found the nine needles.
18. I sat down to think.
19. I know what gave me the idea.
20. I went back to the medicine cabinet.
21. I wrote a message with the end of a toothbrush.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell this story in about 300 words.

II. The husband and wife returned home and saw the bathroom. The next day he wrote a letter to a friend of his and she wrote a letter to a friend of hers. They explained how they went out to work in the morning and when they returned James Thurber was missing and the bathroom was "a shambles." She went on "..... the only thing I can think is. . . ." He wrote ". . . this is what I think had happened . . ."

Write those letters. They both had quite different solutions of the mystery : and neither of them was anything like the real one.

THE GLOVE

By R. U. Joyce

James Dunne hung by his fingertips from the window-sill and after a moment dropped noiselessly to the ground. He looked about him hurriedly. The house was on the outskirts[1] of the town, well back from the road from which the grounds were separated by a high stone wall. It was almost two o'clock and the night was dark. There was little likelihood of his meeting anybody at that time. On the whole he was perfectly secure. As he ran silently across the lawn he could not help marvelling at his own nerve. He had committed burglaries in those far-off days before he had blossomed forth as a respectable jeweller in the little town of Brampton, but those days were far distant. Behind him lay ten years of law-abiding respectability. The hand that reached up to grasp the top of the wall was as steady as a rock. He could even think calmly of the still thing which had once been Richard Strong and which now lay huddled up[2] in an ever-widening crimson pool in the room which he had just left. He had not intended to commit murder, but circumstances had rendered it inevitable. He felt that all through he had been the plaything of circumstances. His troubles had begun when an old prison acquaintance had recognised him again. Blackmail[3] followed. Dunne's business was prosperous, but the blackmailer's ever-increasing demands were a drain[4] greater than he could bear.

He tried to supplement his resources by gambling, only to plunge more deeply into the mire,[5] until finally

[1] outskirts = outer edge. [2] huddled up = limply, collapsed.
[3] Blackmail = a threat to tell some guilty secret unless money is paid.
[4] drain = a continued loss.
[5] mire = mud (here means "difficulty").

ruin stared him in the face. At his wits' end[1] he turned to his old trade. Richard Strong was a retired solicitor, with more than a local reputation as a collector of antiques, and he was believed to possess ancient gold ornaments of fabulous[2] value. Dunne at that time was purchasing gold, old rings, brooches and so on, and melting them down; therefore the proceeds of a burglary of Strong's house could be disposed of safely and lucratively.[3] It was an easy matter to break into the house. He knew the room in which the collection was kept, and all that had to be done was to climb a drain-pipe for a few feet to reach a window. In Brampton it was not thought necessary to take precautions against burglars. When Dunne had stuffed his pockets with the gold ornaments, of which there were many in the room, they held a small fortune.

He was preparing to go when he heard a gasp behind him; he swung round to find that the door of the room had opened and that Strong himself was standing in front of him. "Dunne!"—It was the only word Strong uttered. Dunne had been glancing at an Oriental knife of curious workmanship. He still held it in his hand, and almost without thinking, lunged[4] at Strong; all was over. Dunne dragged the body into the room, closed the door, switched off the light, drew back the curtains, and left as he had come, through the window.

He felt no remorse. "I could do nothing else," he told himself. "He recognised me, and it was that or prison." He recalled the look of surprise on Strong's face and actually smiled. He really did not think that he had anything with which to reproach himself. Strong's death was necessary for his own safety, and there was

[1] wits' end = not knowing what to do next.
[2] fabulous = unbelievable.
[3] lucratively = profitably.
[4] The verb *to lunge* = to thrust suddenly with a sword.

no alternative to what he had done. "In any case, he was an old man with only a few more years to live."

He felt safe. Who would suspect the dull, stodgy,[1] middle-aged jeweller of murder and robbery? He had left no clue.[2] He had met nobody, either going or coming. The little main street was deserted and in complete darkness as he let himself into his house by the side door. He lived alone in the house. A woman came in daily and "did for him,"[3] but nobody except himself slept on the premises. His bedroom was at the back, but before switching on the electric light he pulled down the blind and drew the heavy curtains across the window. Then he fumbled[4] in his pocket and pulled out a glove. With a look of surprise he searched the pocket again, and not finding what he sought, plunged his hand into all his other pockets, fumbling amongst the gold articles with which they were filled. The latter he did not take out. For some strange reason he feared to look at them, and he did not intend to empty his pockets of them until he was ready to place them in the crucible[5] in the little room behind the shop downstairs. Finally he abandoned the search and stood in the middle of the room, his face a white mask of sheer horror.

The other glove was missing He had found the gloves in his pocket while in Strong's house and he had taken them out and placed them on a table before stowing[6] away his loot.[7] He could have sworn he had replaced them before his hasty departure, but here was the appalling fact that one of them was missing—and on the lining was his name and address! The thought of

[1] stodgy = uninteresting.
[2] clue = thing that might betray him.
[3] "did for him" = did the housework, etc. (*colloquial*).
[4] fumbled = felt clumsily.
[5] crucible = pot for melting metals.
[6] stowing = packing.
[7] loot = stolen goods.

returning to the house, to the room where Strong lay so quiet and still, filled him with a kind of superstitious horror. The memory of the dead man's upturned face with the queer look of surprise frozen into perpetuity by death returned to him, and he gave a little strangled scream. He stood in the middle of the room, his face white and speckled with drops of perspiration, and his mind a welter[1] of indecision.

"I can't do it," he muttered, "I can't. . . ."

And then the vision of the scaffold[2] intruded itself; he shivered as with an ague,[3] his body cold. In his criminal days he had possessed a morbid dread of the scaffold. The old fear now held him in its grip, stronger a hundredfold than it had ever been of yore.[4] With lagging[5] footsteps he went out into the dark deserted street. The journey was like a nightmare. To his disordered imagination every dark corner concealed a spectre,[6] and once he screamed hoarsely at the sight of a discarded piece of wrapping-paper which lay across his path. For a moment it had seemed to him like a corpse lying in a dark pool. . . .

He reached his destination, and bathed in perspiration and trembling in every limb he climbed to the window. The room was in darkness as he had left it, but he thought he could perceived a darker object on the floor near the door. He must have light to find the glove, and the switch was near the body. Calling to his aid all the reserves of his will-power he drew the hangings across the window and moved across the room. His feet touched something soft, and he recoiled[7] with a hoarse gasp, his heart pounding[8] furiously. His shaking fingers found the switch and the room was flooded with light.

[1] welter = confusion.
[2] scaffold = place of execution.
[3] ague = fever.
[4] of yore = formerly.
[5] lagging = slow.
[6] spectre = ghost.
[7] recoiled = sprang back.
[8] pounding = beating hard.

Richard Strong lay at his feet. He would have given all the world to have been able to keep his gaze averted, but the body exercised some dreadful fascination over him, and drew his eyes irresistibly. More, filled with repugnance as he was, he bent forward, his hand outstretched to touch the haft[1] of the knife.

"Put up your hands! Good God! Put up your hands, you scoundrel!"

He looked up with a shrill scream, the fresh shock to his overwrought[2] nerves almost causing him to faint. The door had opened, and Strong's son stood there, covering him with a revolver. Slowly he raised his arms above his head.

* * *

The inspector who escorted Dunne to the police station was garrulous[3] and, moreover, appeared to have temporarily forgotten that, in the eyes of the law, an accused man is innocent until he is proved guilty. At any rate, he assumed Dunne's guilt, which considering the evidence, is not surprising.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are the last man I would have suspected? If you hadn't been found in the room with the body and the loot in your pockets we'd never have thought of you. Unluckily for you, you didn't get away in time."

Dunne made no reply. His house was on the way to the police station, and he asked permission to get an overcoat The air was chilly, in that dark hour before the dawn.

"Certainly," said the inspector, "but we'll go with you."

He opened the side door and preceded his prisoner into the hall, two policemen bringing up the rear. Dunne was thinking that they intended taking no chances, when his foot touched something on the floor.

[1] haft = handle.

[2] overwrought = strained, excited.

[3] garrulous = talkative.

He stooped to pick it up and suddenly felt queer. Then the inspector switched on the light. Dunne looked at the article in his hand.

It was the glove which he thought he had left in the room with the murdered man and which he had gone back to find!

"Here," shouted one of the policemen, "hold up, man!"

But Dunne slipped through his hands and fell to the floor.

EXERCISES

I. Give the meaning of the following words. Use each in a sentence :

huddled, blackmail, antiques, fabulous, lucrative, stodgy, clue, crucible, loot, nightmare, recoil, garrulous.

II. Give one word that expresses the meaning of each of the following phrases. All the required words are in the story you have just read. You are given the first letter of each word :

1. a thief who breaks into houses, shops, etc. (b – – – – – – –)
2. cannot be avoided (i – – – – – – – – –)
3. to play cards or other games for money (g – – – – –)
4. a lawyer who conducts law business and prepares cases for barristers (s – – – – – – – –)
5. care taken to prevent something happening (p – – – – – – – – –)
6. a device for sending electricity along another wire (s – – – – –)
7. to give up (a – – – – – –)

8. the inside covering of a coat, glove, etc. (l – – – – –)
9. place of execution (s – – – – – – – –)
10. intense dislike (r – – – – – – – – – –)

III. Find words opposite in meaning to the following ; the words required are all in the story :
noisily, modern, selling, lively, crowded, to fill, revealed, closed, taciturn (i.e., *saying very little*), permanently, guilty, followed.

COMPREHENSION EXERCISE

I. Answer the following questions :
1. Where was Strong's house?
2. When had James Dunne committed burglaries before?
3. Why did Dunne need money?
4. What do you know about Strong's profession and interests?
5. How did Dunne kill Strong?
6. Why was Dunne so sure at first that his crime would not be found out?
7. Why did his face become "a white mask of horror"?
8. What did Strong's son say when Dunne switched on the light?
9. What did the police inspector say to Dunne?
10. What happened when Dunne saw his glove at home?

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Write out the story in 300 words.

II. Imagine you are at the trial of James Dunne. Give :
1. The evidence of Strong's son.
2. The evidence of the police inspector.
3. The speech for the defence by Dunne's lawer.

MORNINGS AT SEVEN

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD (1910-)

Bernard Hollowood is the editor of *Punch* in which, and in other periodicals, his literary articles and humorous drawings have appeared. He holds the degree of M.Sc. (Economics), has been a University Lecturer in Economics, Research Officer for the Council of Industrial Design, broadcaster, editor of *Pottery and Glass* and is author of *The Innocent at Large*, *Money is No Expense*, *Direct Economics*, *The Hawksmoor Scandal*, etc.

For several years now my newsagent has been spelling my name incorrectly. Every morning I glance hopelessly at the top right-hand corner of my newspaper and wince.[1] There is something vaguely uplifting about seeing one's own name, one's correct name written out in blue pencil at the top of a newspaper ; and there is something utterly degrading about seeing one's name carelessly distorted. I have mentioned the matter to my newsagent several times, but it makes no difference. He is a surly, militant,[2] independent devil, a monopolist of the worst kind.

He does not realise of course that his carelessness causes me endless trouble and no little embarrassment. I take my newspaper to the office; I read it on the train, and the people with whom I travel mispronounce my name because they have only the newsagent's written instructions to go on. When I fail to recognise my spoken name they look at me suspiciously—as though I have momentarily forgotten my latest alias.[3]

I used to rub out the newsagent's blue pencillings before I left home, but modern newsprint[4] does not stand up to modern erasers for long and my paper was always

[1] wince = make a sudden motion as a sign of pain ; to flinch.
[2] militant = always ready to fight.
[3] alias = a false name.
[4] newsprint = the type of paper used for the printing of newspapers.

very much the worse for wear when I reached the station. For a few weeks I dratted[1] an imaginary dog whenever I unfolded the newspaper in public. My travelling companions and office colleagues remained puzzled, however. Some of them seemed to think that I was leading a double life; the rest, that I was robbing somebody's letter-box on my way to work.

Later I tried crossing out the newsagent's mark and writing my correct name underneath it, but even this move was misinterpreted. At the office it was assumed that I made a practice of collecting discarded[2] newspapers from the train and passing them off as my own. No one actually said as much, but actions sometimes speak louder than words.

Naturally, I could not tell the newsagent of all these things. He would have laughed me out of the shop. I could only repeat my earlier protest. . . .

I was at the shop early. He was standing behind the counter, and as soon as I saw him I knew that there would be some unpleasantness. Mr Higson is never at his best unshaven, in slippers and braces, and smoking on an empty stomach. The atmosphere of the little shop was heavy with the bitter-sweet odour of fresh newsprint and ink : stacks of crisp newspapers and magazines lay neatly on the counter, and Higson and the boy were making up the daily round.

"*Express*, *Mirror* and *Woman*," said Higson with his eye on a grubby[3] notebook. The boy collected the newspapers, flicked[4] the magazine between their pages and placed the folded bundle before his master. Higson bent and scrawled[5] a name in the top right-hand corner of the *Express*—just to the right of the Crusader in Chains. " *Times*, *Financial Times*, *Mail*," he barked.

[1] drat (*colloquial*) = curse.
[2] discarded = having been thrown away.
[3] grubby = rather dirty.
[4] flick = throw quickly and neatly.
[5] scrawl = write badly.

"Good morning," I said, "Just a small point. I wonder——"

Higson let his blue pencil clatter[1] to the counter and looked up.

"I thought it wouldn't be long!" he said. "Must be a week or more since you last changed your order."

"I don't think——"

"No use denying it," he broke in. "All here in black and white." He licked a finger and pushed at the pages of the notebook. "Here we are," he said. "February 14, *Mail* instead of *Chronicle*. March 24, *Herald* instead of *Mail* and cancel *Telegraph* for eight days. April 1, *Worker* for *Herald*. May 26, *Times* instead of *Telegraph*, *Chronicle* instead of *Worker*. July 21——"

"Surely," I said, "I've a perfect right to read which papers I like!"

"You and old Topham!" he said.

"What's Mr Topham to do with it?" I said.

"Well, he's another of 'em. Chop and change,[2] chop and change. Must think I've nothing better to do."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I called on quite another matter. I wanted to draw your attention to the fact that there are two L's in my name."

"You gone and changed it again then?" he said.

"And I should be obliged if you would spell it properly in future."

"O.K., O.K.," he said. "Two perishin'[3] L's. Anything else while we're about it? How about ordering the *Manchester Guardian* every other Friday?"

"No, that's all," I said with all the dignity I could muster.[4]

[1] clatter=fall noisily.
[2] chop and change (*idiomatic expression*) = keep on changing.
[3] *perishing* here has no real meaning. It is a mild "swear-word."
[4] *muster* = gather together ; summon up.

"*Chronicle* and *Graphic*," he yelled. "Come on, boy, wake up! Haven't got all day!"

Half an hour later my newspaper crashed through the letter-box. In the top right-hand corner, heavily underlined, was the word "Topham."

EXERCISES

I. Give the meaning, and use each of the following words in a sentence :

newsagent, wince, degrading, surly, monopoly, colleague, assume, protest, stack, barb (*verb*), clatter, attention, dignity, crash, underline.

II. In very informal conversation the subject of the verb or part of the verb itself is sometimes omitted. Put in the words omitted in the following sentences from this story :

1. "Must be a week or more since you last changed your order."
2. "No use denying it. All here in black and white."
3. "Must think I've nothing better to do."
4. "You gone and changed it again then?"
5. "Anything else while we're about it?"
6. "Come on, boy, wake up! Haven't got all day!"

III. Explain the following phrases from the story :

1. Modern newsprint *does not stand up to* modern erasers for long.
2. My paper was always *very much the worse for wear*.
3. For a few weeks I *dratted an imaginary dog*.
4. Some of them seemed to think I was *leading a double life*.

5. It was assumed that I collected discarded newspapers and *passed them off* as my own.
6. *Actions* sometimes *speak louder than words.*
7. . . . Smoking *on an empty stomach.*
8. Higson and the boy were making up *the daily round.*
9. It's all here *in black and white.*
10. "O.K., O.K.," he said. "Anything else *while we're about it?*"

IV. The title of the story is, perhaps, an echo from this poem by Browning :

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

Memorise the poem.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Give a short sketch of the character of (*a*) Mr Higson, (*b*) the writer. Do you think the latter has a "sense of humour"? Why?

II. Tell the story in about 400 words.

ACME

By JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933)

Galsworthy will be remembered as a writer of plays, *e.g.*, *The Silver Box*, *Justice*, *Loyalties*, of short stories, essays and poems, but, above all, as the author of the *Forsyte Saga*. In the six novels that, in the *Forsyte Saga* and *A Modern Comedy*, tell the story of the Forsytes from the middle of the nineteenth century to the time of Galsworthy's death, Galsworthy has given a firm broad

portrayal of English upper-class life. In Galsworthy's plays and novels there is, despite his anxiety to be impartial and dispassionate, a deep sense of pity for the oppressed and the hunted creatures of the world, and in all his work there is a fineness of feeling and a crisp, cool, clear-cut style. *Acme* is in his lighter vein.

In these days no man of genius need starve. The following story of my friend Bruce may be taken as proof of this assertion. Nearly sixty when I first knew him, he must have written already some fifteen books, which had earned him the reputation of a "genius" with the few who know. He used to live in York Street, Adelphi, where he had two rooms up the very shaky staircase of a house chiefly remarkable for the fact that its front door seemed always open. I suppose there never was a writer more indifferent to what people thought of him. He profoundly neglected the Press—not with one of those neglects which grow on writers from reading reviews of their own works—he seemed never to read criticism, but with the basic neglect of "an original", a nomadic spirit, a stranger in modern civilisation, who would leave his attics for long months of wandering, and come back there to hibernate and write a book. He was a tall, thin man, with a face rather like Mark Twain's, black eyebrows which bristled and shot up, a bitten drooping grey moustache, and fuzzy grey hair ; but his eyes were like owl's eyes, piercing, melancholy, dark brown, and gave to his rugged face an extraordinary expression of a spirit remote from the flesh which had captured it. He was a bachelor, who seemed to avoid women ; perhaps his experience had taught him that ; for he must have been very attractive to them.

The year of which I write had been to my friend Bruce the devil,[1] monetarily speaking. With his passion for

[1] it had been the devil = it had been very bad.

writing that for which his age had no taste—what could he expect? His last book had been a complete failure. He had undergone, too, an operation which had cost him much money and left him very weak. When I went to see him that October, I found him stretched out on two chairs, smoking the Brazilian cigarettes which he affected[1]—and which always affected me, so black and strong they were, in their yellow maize-leaf coverings. He had a writing-pad on his knee, and sheets of paper scattered all around. The room had a very meagre look. I had not seen him for a year and more, but he looked up at me as if I'd been in yesterday.

"Hallo!" he said; "I went into a thing they call a cinema last night. Have you ever been?"

"Ever been? Do you know how long the cinema has been going? Since about 1900."

"Well! What a *thing*! I'm writing a skit[2] on it!"

"How—a skit?"

"Parody—wildest yarn[3] you ever read."

He took up a sheet of paper and began chuckling to himself.

"My heroine," he said, "is an octoroon.[4] Her eyes swim, and her lovely bosom heaves. Everybody wants her, and she's more virtuous than words can say. The situations she doesn't succumb to would freeze your blood; they'd roast your marrow. She has a perfect devil of a brother, with whom she was brought up, and who knows her deep dark secret and wants to trade her off to a millionaire who also had a deep dark secret. Altogether there are four deep dark secrets in my yarn. It's a corker."[5]

"What a waste of your time!" I said.

[1] *affected* is used here with two meanings : (1) liked. (2) had an effect on.
[2] skit = an imitation to cause laughter at the original.
[3] yarn = story.
[4] octoroon = a person whose ancestry is one-eight negro.
[5] corker = a masterpiece : a first-rate thing (*slang*).

"My time!" he answered fiercely. "What's the use of my time? Nobody buys my books."

"Who's attending you?"

"Doctors! They take your money, that's all. I've got no money. Don't talk about me!" Again he took up a sheet of manuscript and chuckled.

"Last night—at that place—they had—good God!—a race between a train and a motor car. Well, I've got one between a train, a motor car, an aeroplane, and a horse."

I sat up.

"May I have a look at your skit," I said, "when you've finished it?"

"It *is* finished. Wrote it straight off. D'you think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that?" He gathered the sheets and held them out to me. "Take the thing—it's amused me to do it. The heroine's secret is that she isn't an octoroon at all; she's a De La Casse —purest Creole blood of the South; and her villainous brother isn't her brother ; and the bad millionaire isn't a millionaire : and her penniless lover is. It's rich, I tell you!"

"Thanks," I said dryly, and took the sheets.

I went away concerned about my friend, his illness, and his poverty, especially his poverty, for I saw no end to it.

After dinner that evening I began languidly to read his skit. I had not read two pages of the thirty-five before I started up, sat down again, and feverishly read on. Skit! By George! He had written a perfect scenario —or, rather, that which wanted the merest professional touching-up to be perfect. I was excited. It was a little gold-mine if properly handled. Any good film company, I felt convinced, would catch at it. Yes! But how to handle it? Bruce was such an unaccountable creature, such a wild old bird! Imagine his having only just

realised the cinema! If I told him his skit was a serious film, he would say "Good God!" and put it in the fire, priceless though it was. And yet, how could I market it without *carte blanche*,[1] and how to get *carte blanche* without giving my discovery away? I was dead keen[2] on getting some money for him; and this thing, properly worked, might almost make him independent. I felt as if I had a priceless museum piece which a single stumble might shatter to fragments. The tone of his voice when he spoke of the cinema—"What a *thing*!" —kept coming back to me. He was prickly proud, too— very difficult about money. Could I work it without telling him anything? I knew he never looked at a newspaper. But should I be justified in taking advantage of that—in getting the thing accepted and produced without his knowing? I revolved the question for hours, and went to see him again next day.

He was reading.

"Hallo! You again? What do you think of this theory—that the Egyptians derive from a Saharan civilisation?"

"I don't think" I said.

"It's nonsense. This fellow——"

I interrupted him.

"Do you want that skit back or can I keep it?"

"Skit? What skit?"

"The thing you gave me yesterday."

"That! Light your fire with it. This fellow——"

"Yes," I said; I'll light a fire with it. I see you're busy."

"Oh, no! I'm not," he said. "I've nothing to do. What's the good of my writing? I earn less and less with every book that comes out. I'm dying of poverty."

"That's because you won't consider the public."

"*How* can I consider the public when I don't know what they want?"

[1] *carte blanche* = full powers of action. [2] dead keen = very eager.

"Because you won't take the trouble to find out. If I suggested a way to you of pleasing the public and making money, you'd kick me out of the room."

And the words: " For instance, I've got a little gold-mine of yours in my pocket," were on the tip of my tongue, but I choked them back. " Daren't risk it!" I thought. "He's given you the thing."

I took the gold-mine away and promptly rough-shaped it for the film. It was perfectly easy, without any alteration of the story. Then I was faced with the temptation to put his name to it. The point was this: If I took it to a film company as an authorless scenario, I should only get authorless terms; whereas, if I put his name to it, with a little talking I could double the terms at least. The film public didn't know his name, of course, but the inner literary public did, and it's wonderful how you can impress the market with the word " genius " judiciously used. It was too dangerous, however; and at last I hit on a middle course. I would take it to them with no name attached, but tell them it was by a "genius," and suggest that they should make capital out of the incognito. I knew they would feel it *was* by a genius.

I took it to an excellent company next day, with a covering note saying: "The author, a man of recognised literary genius, for certain reasons prefers to remain unknown." They took a fortnight in which to rise, but they rose. They had to. The thing was too good in itself. For a week I played them over terms. Twice I delivered an ultimatum—twice they surrendered: they knew too well what they had got. I could have made a contract with £2,000 down which would have brought at least another £2,000 before the contract term closed ; but I compounded for one that gave me £3,000 down, as likely to lead to less difficulty with Bruce. The terms were not a whit too good for what was really the

"acme"[1] of scenarios. If I could have been quite open, I could certainly have done better. Finally, however, I signed the contract, delivered the manuscript, and received a cheque for the price. I was elated, and at the same time knew that my troubles were just beginning. With Bruce's feeling about the film, how the deuce[2] should I get him to take the money? Could I go to his publishers, and conspire with them to trickle it out to him gradually, as if it came from his books? That meant letting them into the secret ; besides, he was too used to receiving practically nothing from his books ; it would lead him to make inquiry, and the secret was bound to come out. Could I get a lawyer to spring an inheritance on him?[3] That would mean no end of lying and elaboration, even if a lawyer would consent. Should I send him the money in Bank of England notes, with the words : "From a lifelong admirer of your genius"? I was afraid he would suspect a trick, or stolen notes, and go to the police to trace them. Or should I just go, put the cheque on the table, and tell him the truth?

The question worried me terribly, for I didn't feel entitled to consult others who knew him. It was the sort of thing that, if talked over, would certainly leak out. It was not desirable, however, to delay cashing a big cheque like that. Besides, they had started on the production. It happened to be a slack time, with a dearth of good films, so that they were rushing it on. And in the meantime there was Bruce—starved of everything he wanted, unable to get away for want of money, depressed about his health and his future. And yet so completely had he always seemed to me different, strange, superior to this civilisation of ours, that the idea of going to him and saying simply : "This is yours, for the film you

[1] acme=perfection.
[2] deuce=devil (*slang*).
[3] to spring something on a person=to give it to him suddenly.

wrote," scared me. I could hear his : "I? Write for the cinema? What do you mean?"

When I came to think of it, I had surely taken an extravagant liberty in marketing the thing without consulting him. I felt he would never forgive that, and my feeling towards him was so affectionate, even reverential, that I simply hated the idea of being cast out of his affections. At last I hit on a way that by introducing my own interest might break my fall. I cashed the cheque, lodged the money at my bank, drew my own cheque on it for the full amount, and armed with that and the contract, went to see him.

He was lying on two chairs, smoking his Brazilians, and playing with a stray cat which had attached itself to him. He seemed rather less prickly[1] than usual, and after beating about the bushes[2] of his health and other matters, I began :

"I've got a confession to make, Bruce."

"Confession!" he said. "What confession?"

"You remember that skit on the film you wrote, and gave me, about six weeks ago?"

"No."

"Yes, you do—about an octoroon."

He chuckled. "Oh! Ah! That!"

I took a deep breath, and went on :

"Well, I sold it ; and the price of course belongs to you."

"What? Who'd print a thing like that?"

"It isn't printed. It's been made into a film—super-film, they call it."

His hand came to a pause on the cat's back, and he glared at me. I hastened on :

"I ought to have told you what I was doing, but

[1] prickly=irritable, easily losing his temper.

[2] to beat about the bush=to talk round a matter instead of coming to the point.

you're so prickly, and you've got such confounded superior notions. I thought if I did, you'd be biting off your nose to spite your own face.[1] The fact is, it made a marvellous scenario. Here's the contract, and here's a cheque on my bank for the price—£3,000. If you like to treat me as your agent, you owe me £3,000. I don't expect it, but I'm not proud, like you, and I shan't sneeze"[2]

"Good God!" he said.

"Yes, I know. But it's all nonsense, Bruce. You can carry scruples to altogether too great length. Tainted source! Everything's tainted, if you come to that. The film's a quite justified expression of modern civilisation—a natural outcome of the Age. It gives amusement; it affords pleasure. It may be vulgar, it may be cheap, but we *are* vulgar, we *are* cheap, and it's no use pretending we're not—not you, of course, Bruce, but people at large. A vulgar Age wants vulgar amusement, and if we can give it that amusement, we ought to; life's not too cheery, anyway."

The glare in his eyes was almost paralysing me, but I managed to stammer on.

"You live out of the world—you don't realise what humdrum people want; something to balance the greyness, the — the banality[3] of their lives. They want blood, thrill, sensation of all sorts. You didn't mean to give it them, but you have, you've done them a benefit, whether you wish to or not, and the money's yours and you've got to take it."

The cat suddenly jumped down. I waited for the storm to burst.

"I know," I dashed on, "that you hate and despise the film——"

[1] to bite (or cut) off your nose to spite your face = to do harm to yourself because you are angry with someone else.
[2] to sneeze at something = to treat it contemptuously.
[3] banality = dullness.

Suddenly his voice boomed out.

"Bosh![1] What are you talking about? Film! I go to the cinema every other night."

It was my turn to say : "Good God!" And, ramming contract and cheque into his empty hand, I bolted,[2] closely followed by the cat.

EXERCISES

I. Give the meaning and use each of the following words in sentences :

assertion, nomadic, hibernate, parody, chuckle, languidly, scenario, judicious, ultimatum, elated, scared, inheritance, contract, tainted, stammer.

II. Each of the following idiomatic phrases has occurred in the story. Use each in a sentence so as to show its meaning :

1. to beat about the bush
2. to take advantage of
3. a middle course
4. freeze your blood
5. a little gold-mine
6. not a whit
7. to spring a surprise on a person
8. to take a liberty
9. to bite off one's nose
10. to spite one's face
11. to carry scruples too far

III. Punctuate the following. Arrange it in lines. Put in capital letters where necessary :

what a waste of time I said my time he answered fiercely whats the use of my time nobody buys my books whos attending you doctors they take your money thats all ive got no money dont talk about

[1] bosh=rubbish (*slang*).

[2] to bolt=to run away.

me again he took up a sheet of manuscript and chuckled may i have a look at your skit I said when youve finished it it is finished wrote it straight off dyou think I could stop and then go on again with a thing like that.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story in about 350 words.
II. Write an account of the best and the worst film you have seen.
III. What features would you emphasise if you were writing a skit on (*a*) a film, (*b*) modern music, (*c*) modern art?

POST HASTE

By COLIN HOWARD

"I say, I *am* pleased to see you!" declared the little man standing dejectedly[1] by the pillar-box.

"Oh, hullo!" I said, stopping. "Simpson, isn't it?"

The Simpsons were newcomers to the neighbourhood, and my wife and I had only met them once or twice.

"Yes, that's right!" returned Simpson. He seemed quite gratified[2] by my ready recognition. "I wonder if you could lend me threepence?" I plunged an investigatory[3] hand into my pocket. "You see, my wife gave me a letter to post, and I've just noticed it isn't stamped."!

"They never are," I said, sympathetically.

"It must go to-night—it really must! And I don't

[1] dejectedly = looking unhappy. [2] gratified = pleased.
[3] investigatory = searching.

suppose I should find a post-office open at this time of night, do you?"

The hour being close upon eleven, I agreed that it seemed improbable.

"So I thought, you see, I'd get stamps out of the machine," explained Simpson, not without pride in his ingenuity, " only I find I haven't any coppers on me."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid *I* haven't either," I told him, concluding my explorations.—

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said. Just like that. He was that sort of little man.

"Perhaps somebody else——" I put forward.

"There *isn't* anyone else."

He looked up the street, and I looked down. Then he looked down the street, and I looked up. We both drew blank.[1]

"Yes, well!" I said, and made to move off. But he looked so forlorn,[2] standing there clutching a blue, unstamped envelope, that I really hadn't the heart to desert him.

"Tell you what," I said. "You'd better walk along with me to my place—it's only a couple of streets off—and I'll try to hunt up some change for you there."

"It's really awfully good of you!" said Simpson, blinking earnestly.

* * *

At home, we managed to run the coveted[3] pennies and halfpennies to earth.[4] I handed the sum to Simpson, who, in the most businesslike, way, made a note of the loan in his pocket-book, and departed. I watched him take a dozen steps up the road, hesitate, and then return to me.

[1] To draw blank = to be unsuccessful.
[2] forlorn = cheerless, lonely.
[3] coveted = greatly desired.
[4] To run to earth = to discover after a long search, literally to drive an animal into its hole.

"I say, I *am* sorry to trouble you again," he said. "The fact is, we're still quite strangers round here, and —well, I'm rather lost, to tell you the truth. Perhaps you'd direct me to the post-office?"

I did my best. I spent three solid minutes in explaining to him exactly where the post-office was. At the end of that time I felt as lost as Simpson.

"I'm—I'm afraid I don't quite ——" he blinked.

"Here, I'd better come along with you," I said.

"Oh, I say, that's awfully kind of you!" he assured me.

I felt inclined to agree with him. I led the way to the post-office. Simpson inserted a penny in the automatic stamp-machine. The coin passed through the machine with a hollow rattle. Its transit[1] failed to produce the desired stamp. Simpson looked at me with a what-do-I-do-now sort of expression.

"It's empty," I explained.

"Oh!" said Simpson.

Experiment revealed that the stock of ha'penny stamps was also exhausted. Simpson, in his agitation at this discovery, dropped his letter face downwards on the pavement, whence he retrieved[2] it with the addition of a large blob of mud.

"There!" ejaculated Simpson, quite petulantly[3]. "Now it's got *mud* on it!" He rattled the empty machine spitefully. "Well, what can we do now?"

I gathered that I was definitely a member of the posting party.

"I suppose it *must* go to-night?" I said.

"Dear me, yes! My wife was most insistent about that. She said I wasn't to —— It's—well, I don't know that it's extraordinarily important, but —but I'd *better* post it, if you know what I mean."

[1] transit = passage.
[2] retrieved = got it back again.
[3] petulantly = impatiently, in a bad temper.

I did know. Or, at least, I knew Mrs Simpson.

"I know—I've got a book of stamps at home!" I suddenly remembered.

"We ought to have thought of that before!" said Simpson almost severely.

"We'd better hurry, or we shall miss the post," I told him.

* * *

We hurried. It was as well we did hurry, because it took rather a long while to find the book of stamps. And it wasn't really worth finding, after all. It was empty.

"How very provoking[1]!" was Simpson's summing-up of the matter.

"Funny!" I said. "I could have sworn it was nearly full"

"But what about my letter? asked Simpson, dolefully.[2]

"You'll have to post it unstamped, that's all," I said. I was beginning to lose interest in Simpson's letter.

"Oh, could I do that?" he asked, brightening.

"What else can you do? The other chap[3] will have to pay double postage on it in the morning, but that can't be helped."

"*I* shouldn't like to do that."

"Neither should I. Still, that's *his* trouble. Now, hurry, or you'll miss the last collection."

Much flustered[4] by this reminder, Simpson went off up the street at a trot.

"Hi ! The other way!" I roared after him.

"Sorry!" he panted,[5] returning. " I—I rather think I've forgotten the way again."

* * *

[1] provoking = annoying.
[2] dolefully = sorrowfully.
[3] chap = man (*slang*).
[4] flustered = excited, worried.
[5] To pant = to breathe quickly.

I didn't even start to explain. I just took him firmly by the arm and escorged him to the post-office, in time for the midnight collection. I knew it would save me time in the end. He dropped in his letter and then, to finish off my job properly, I took him home.

"I'm most awfully grateful to you, really," he assured me, earnestly, from his doorstep. "I --I can't think what I should have done without you. That letter —it's only an invitation to dinner, to --good gracious!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. Just something I've remembered."

"What?"

But he didn't tell me. He just goggled[1] at me like a stricken[2] goldfish, jerked out a "good-night," and popped[3] indoors.

All the way home I was wondering what it was he'd remembered.

But I stopped wondering next morning, when I had to pay the postman sixpence for a blue envelope with a great muddy mark on its face.

EXERCISES

I. Put in the word omitted. Clues are given in italics :

1. The Simpsons were newcomers to the n— (*district*).
2. The hour being close upon eleven I agreed it was i— (*unlikely*) that we should find a post-office open.
3. He looked so f— (*lonely, cheerless*) standing there c— (*holding tightly*) a blue unstamped envelope.

[1] goggled=opened his eyes very wide.
[2] From verb *to strike* ; stricken=sick, wounded (in this instance).
[3] popped=went quickly (*slang*).

4. I lent the money to Simpson and he made a note of the l— (*money lent*) in his pocket-book.
5. Simpson inserted a penny in the a— s— m— (*device from which stamps could be obtained mechanically*).
6. Experiment revealed that the stock of ha'penny stamps was also e— (*finished, used up*).
7. I could have s— (*stated on oath*) it was nearly full.
8. I took him by the arm and e— (*went with, to show the way*) him to the post-office.
9. To finish off my j— (*piece of work*) properly I took him home.
10. I stopped w— (*asking myself*) the next morning when I had to pay the postman sixpence.

II. Give the opposite of the following words and use each in a sentence. The words you require are in the story you have just read :

1. sorry
2. borrow
3. unstamped
4. modesty
5. nobody
6. arrive
7. found
8. falsehood
9. disagree
10. succeed
11. full
12. subtraction
13. catch (*the post*)
14. delay
15. find
16. gently
17. noon
18. begin
19. forget
20. cheerfully

COMPREHENSION EXERCISE

I. Answer the following questions :

1. What are you told about the Simpsons?
2. Why couldn't Simpson get a stamp out of the machine?
3. Who had given him the letter to post?
4. Why wouldn't a post-office be open?
5. That "businesslike" thing did Simpson do when he received the threepence?

6. What happened when Simpson put the money in the stamp-machine?
7. How did the envelope get a blob of mud on it?
8. What happens if you post a letter without stamp?
9. What was in the letter?
10. What was it that Simpson suddenly remembered?

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Write a letter inviting a friend to dinner, and a reply accepting (or refusing) the invitation.
II. Tell the story "Post Haste" as Mr Simpson might have told it to his wife.

THE DANCING PARTNER

By JEROME K. JEROME (1859-1927)

Jerome Klapka Jerome needs little introduction to foreign students, for probably no book by any modern English writer is better known abroad than his inimitable *Three Men in a Boat.* But Jerome was not merely a humorist, despite *Three Men in a Boat*, *Three Men on the Bummel*, and *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.* He had a great success with his moving religious drama, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back.* In *The Dancing Partner* he shows that he is master of the fantastic horror story.

"This story" began MacShaugnassy, "comes from Furtwangen, a small town in the Black Forest. There lived there a very wonderful old fellow named Nicholaus Geibel. His business was the making of mechanical toys, at which work he had acquired an almost European reputation. He made rabbits that would emerge from the heart of a cabbage, flop their ears, smooth their whiskers, and disappear again; cats that would wash their faces, and mew so naturally that dogs would mistake

them for real cats, and fly at them; dolls, with gramophones concealed within them, that would raise their hats and say, 'Good morning; how do you do?' and some that would even sing a song.

"But he was something more than a mere mechanic; he was an artist. His work was with him a hobby, almost a passion. His shop was filled with all manner of strange things that never would, or could, be sold—things he had made for the pure love of making them. He had contrived a mechanical donkey that would trot for two hours by means of stored electricity, and trot, too, much faster than the live article, and with less need for exertion on the part of the driver; a bird that would shoot up into the air, fly round and round in a circle, and drop to earth at the exact spot from where it started; a skeleton that, supported by an upright iron bar, would dance a hornpipe[1]; a life-size lady doll that could play the fiddle and a gentleman with a hollow inside who could smoke a pipe and drink more lager beer than any three average German students put together, which is saying much.

"Indeed, it was the belief of the town that old Geibel could make a man capable of doing everything that a respectable man need want to do. One day he made a man who did too much, and it came about in this way :

"Young Doctor Follen had a baby, and the baby had a birthday. Its first birthday put Doctor Follen's household into somewhat of a flurry,[2] but on the occasion of its second birthday, Mrs Doctor Follen gave a ball in honour of the event. Old Geibel and his daughter Olga were among the guests.

"During the afternoon of the next day some three or four of Olga's bosom friends, who had also been present at the ball, dropped in to have a chat about it. They naturally fell to discussing the men, and to criticising

[1] hornpipe: a solo dance usually performed by sailors.
[2] flurry = state of excitement.

their dancing. Old Geibel was in the room, but he appeared to be absorbed in his newspaper, and the girls took no notice of him.

" 'There seem to be fewer men who can dance at every ball you go to,' said one of the girls.

" 'Yes, and don't the ones who can, give themselves airs,[1] said another; 'they make quite a favour of asking you.'

" 'And how stupidly they talk,' added a third. 'They always say exactly the same things : "How charming you are looking to-night." "Do you often go to Vienna? Oh, you should, it's delightful." " What a charming dress you have on." "What a warm day it has been." "Do you like Wagner?" I do wish they'd think of something new.'

" 'Oh, I never mind how they talk,' said a fourth. 'If a man dances well he may be a fool for all I care.'

" 'He generally is,' slipped in[2] a thin girl, rather spitefully.

" 'I go to a ball to dance,' continued the previous speaker, not noticing the interruption. 'All I ask of a partner is that he shall hold me firmly, take me round steadily, and not get tired before I do.'

" 'A clockwork figure would be the thing for you,' said the girl who had interrupted.

" 'Bravo !' cried one of the others, clapping her hands, 'what a capital idea !'

" 'What's a capital idea?' they asked.

" 'Why, a clockwork dancer, or, better still, one that would go by electricity and never run down.'

"The girls took up the idea with enthusiasm.

" 'Oh, what a lovely partner he would make', said one ; 'he would never kick you, or tread on your toes.'

" ' Or tear your dress,' said another.

[1] give themselves airs=act in a conceited manner.
[2] slipped in=interjected.

" 'Or get out of step.'

" 'Or get giddy and lean on you.'

" 'And he would never want to mop his face with his handkerchief. I do hate to see a man do that after every dance.'

" 'And wouldn't want to spend the whole evening in the supper room.'

" 'Why, with a gramophone inside him to grind out all the stock remarks, you would not be able to tell him from a real man,' said the girl who had first suggested the idea.

" 'Oh, yes, you would,' said the thin girl, ' he would be so much nicer.'

" 'Old Geibel had laid down his paper, and was listening with both his ears. On one of the girls glancing in his direction, however, he hurriedly hid himself again behind it.

" After the girls were gone, he went into his workshop, where Olga heard him walking up and down, and every now and then chuckling[1] to himself; and that night he talked to her a good deal about dancing and dancing men—asked what they usually said and did—what dances were most popular—what steps were gone through, with many other questions bearing on the subject.

"Then for a couple of weeks he kept much to his factory, and was very thoughtful and busy, though prone[2] at unexpected momenss to break into a quiet low laugh, as if enjoying a joke that nobody else knew of.

"A month later another ball took place in Furtwangen. On this occasion it was given by old Wenzel, the wealthy timber merchant, to celebrate his niece's betrothal, and Geibel and his daughter were again among the invited.

[1] chuckling = laughing quietly.
[2] prone = liable, likely.

"When the hour arrived to set out, Olga sought[1] her father. Not finding him in the house, she tapped at the door of his workshop. He appeared in his shirt-sleeves, looking hot but radiant.

" 'Don't wait for me,' he said;'you go on, I'll follow you. I've got something to finish.'

" As she turned to obey he called after her, 'Tell them I'm going to bring a young man with me—such a nice young man, and an excellent dancer. All the girls will like him.' Then he laughed and closed the door.

"Her father generally kept his doings secret from everybody, but she had a pretty shrewd suspicion of what he had been planning, and so, to a certain extent, was able to prepare the guests for what was coming. Anticipation ran high, and the arrival of the famous mechanist was eagerly awaited.

"At length the sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a great commotion in the passage, and old Wenzel himself, his jolly face red with excitement and suppressed laughter, burst into the room and announced in stentorian[2] tones :

" Herr Geibel—and a friend.'

"Herr Giebel and his 'friend' entered, greeted with shouts of laughter and applause, and advanced to the centre of the room.

" 'Allow me, ladies and gentlemen,' said Herr Giebel, 'to introduce you to my friend. Lieutenant Fritz. Fritz, my dear fellow, bow to the ladies and gentlemen.'

"Giebel placed his hand encouragingly on Fritz's shoulder, and the lieutenant bowed low, accompanying the action with a harsh clicking noise in his throat, unpleasantly suggestive of a death rattle, But that was only a detail.

" He walks a little stiffly' (old Geibel took his arm

[1] From verb *to seek* = look for.

[2] stentorian = very loud.

and walked him forward a few steps. He certainly did walk stiffly), 'but then, walking is not his forte.[1] He is essentially a dancing man. I have only been lable to teach him the waltz as yet, but at that he is faultless. Come, which of you ladies may I introduce him to as a partner? He keeps perfect time; he never gets tired; he won't kick you or tread on your dress; he will hold you as firmly as you like, and go as quckly or as slowly as you please ; he never gets giddy; and he is full of conversation. Come, speak up for yourself, my boy.'

" The old gentleman twisted one of the buttons at the back of his coat, and immediately Fritz opened his mouth, and in thin tones that appeared to proceed from the back of his head, remarked suddenly, 'May I have the pleasure?' and then shut his mouth again with a snap.

"That Lieutenant Fritz had made a strong impression on the company was undoubted, yet none of the girls seemed inclined to dance with him. They looked askance[2] at his waxen face, with its staring eyes and fixed smile, and shuddered. At last old Geibel came to the girl who had conceived the idea.

" ' It is your own suggestion, carried out to the letter,'[3] said Geibel, 'an electric dancer. You owe it to the gentleman to give him a trial.'

"She was a bright, saucy little girl, fond of a frolic. Her host added his entreaties, and she consented.

"Herr Geibel fixed the figure to her. Its right arm was screwed round her waist, and held her firmly; its delicately jointed left hand was made to fasten itself upon her right. The old toymaker showed her how to regulate its speed, and how to stop it, and release herself.

[1] forte = strong point, the thing at which he is particularly good.
[2] askance = suspiciously, uneasily.
[3] to the letter = exactly.

" 'It will take you round in a complete circle,' he explained; ' be careful that no one knocks against you, and alters its course.'

"The music struck up. Old Geibel put the current in motion, and Annette and her strange partner began to dance.

"For a while everyone stood watching them. The figure performed its purpose admirably. Keeping perfect time and step, and holding its little partner tight clasped in an unyielding embrace, it revolved steadily, pouring forth at the same time a constant flow of squeaky conversation, broken by brief intervals of grinding silence.

" ' How charming you are looking to-night,' it remarked in its thin, far-away voice. 'What a lovely day it has been. Do you like dancing? How well our steps agree. You will give me another, won't you? Oh, don't be so cruel. What a charming dress you have on. Isn't waltzing delightful? I could go on dancing for ever—with you. Have you had supper?'

" As she grew more familiar with the uncanny[1] creature, the girl's nervousness wore off and she entered into the fun of the thing.

" 'Oh, he's just lovely,' she cried, laughing, ' I could go on dancing with him all my life.'

"Couple after couple now joined them and soon all the dancers in the room were whirling round behind them. Nicholaus Geibel stood looking on, beaming with childish delight at his success.

"Old Wenzel approached him, and whispered something in his ear. Geibel laughed and nodded, and the two worked their way quietly towards the door.

" 'This is the young people's house to-night,' said Wenzel, as soon as they were outside; 'you and I will have a quiet pipe and a glass of hock, over in the counting-house.'

[1] uncanny=strange, unnatural.

"Meanwhile the dancing grew more fast and furious. Little Annette loosened the screw regulating her partner's rate of progress, and the figure flew round with her swifter and swifter. Couple after couple dropped out exhausted, but they only went the faster, till at length they remained dancing alone.

"Madder and madder became the waltz. The music lagged behind : the musicians, unable to keep pace, ceased, and sat staring. The younger guests applauded, but the older faces began to grow anxious.

" 'Hadn't you better stop, dear,' said one of the women, 'you'll make yourself so tired.'

"But Annette did not answer.

" 'I believe she's fainted,' cried out a girl who had caught sight of her face as it was swept by.

"One of the men sprang forward and clutched at the figure, but its impetus threw him down on to the floor, where its steel-cased feet laid bare his cheek. The thing evidently did not intend to part with its prize easily.

"Had anyone[1] retained a cool head, the figure, one cannot help thinking, might easily have been stopped. Two or three men acting in concert[2] might have lifted it bodily off the floor, or have jammed it into a corner. But few human heads are capable of remaining cool under excitement. Those who are not present think how stupid must have been those who were; those who are reflect afterwards how simple it would have been to do this, that, or the other, if only they had thought of it at the time.

"The women grew hysterical. The men shouted contradictory directions to one another. Two of them made a bungling[3] rush at the figure, which had the result of forcing it out of its orbit[4] in the centre of the

[1] Had anyone = if any one had. [2] in concert = together.
[3] bungling = clumsy. [4] orbit = path, course (generally used of a star).

room, and sending it crashing against the walls and furniture. A stream of blood showed itself down the girl's white frock, and followed her along the floor. The affair was becoming horrible. The women rushed screaming from the room. The men followed them.

"One sensible suggestion was made: 'Find Geibel—fetch Geibel.'

"No one had noticed him leave the room, no one knew where he was. A party went in search of him The others, too unnerved to go back into the ballroom, crowded outside the door and listened. They could hear the steady whir of the wheels upon the polished floor as the thing spun round and round; the dull thud as very now and again it dashed itself and its burden against some opposing object and ricocheted[1] off in a new direction.

"And everlastingly it talked in that thin ghostly voice, repeating over and over the same formula: 'How charming you are looking to-night. What a lovely day it has been. Oh, don't be so cruel. I could go on dancing for ever—with you. Have you had supper?'

"Of course they sought for Geibel everywhere but where he was. They looked in every room in the house, then they rushed off in a body to his own place, and spent precious minutes in waking up his deaf old housekeeper. At last it occurred to one of the party that Wenzel was missing also, and then the idea of the counting-house across the yard presented itself to them, and there they found him.

"He rose up, very pale, and followed them; and he and old Wenzel forced their way through the crowd of guests gathered outside, and entered the room, and locked the door behind them.

[1] ricocheted = rebounded (as when a bullet hits the ground).

3383

"From within there came the muffled[1] sound of low voices and quick steps, followed by a confused scuffling[2] noise, then silence, then the low voices again.

"After a time the door opened, and those near it pressed forward to enter, but old Wenzel's broad shoulders barred the way.

"'I want you—and you, Bekler,' he said, addressing a couple of the elder men. His voice was calm, but his face was deadly white. 'The rest of you, please go—get the women away as quickly as you can.'

"From that day old Nicholaus Geibel confined himself to the making of mechanical rabbits, and cats that mewed and washed their faces."

EXERCISES

I. The following words occurred in the story. Use each of them in a separate sentence so as to bring out the meaning of the word :

1. mechanical
2. emerge
3. hobby
4. trot
5. hornpipe
6. mop
7. celebrate
8. radiant
9. regulate
10. current
11. uncanny
12. whirl
13. stupid
14. orbit
15. muffled

II. On p. 43 you get the words "cats *mew*." Can you complete the following animal sounds?:

1. dogs —
2. horses
3. donkeys
4. lions
5. sheep
6. cocks
7. owls
8. pigs —
9. doves —
10. cows

[1] muffled = made quieter, as if wrapped up.
[2] scuffling = struggling.

III. These nouns are from the story. Give corresponding adjectives, verbs, and adverbs, *e.g.*

Noun.	Adjective.	Verb.	Adverb.
love . .	lovable, lovely	to love	lovingly, lovably
life . .			
friend . .			
laughter .			
heat . .			
secret . .			
suspicion .			
agreement .			
success . .			
horror . .			
death . .			

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story in about 450 words.
II. Imagine that the toys in a toy-shop come to life at night. Invent their conversation and make a story about them.

THE HAPPY PRINCE

By Oscar Wilde (1856-1900)

Oscar Fingal O'Flahartie Wills Wilde was born in Dublin in 1856—the same year and city that produced Bernard Shaw. His father, Sir William Wilde, was an eminent surgeon; his mother also achieved some distinction as a writer and poet. At Oxford, where he came under the influence of Ruskin and Pater, he proclaimed his doctrine of "Art for Art's Sake" and attracted a good deal of attention by his eccentric dress, long hair, his poetry, and by the charm of his conversation and the brilliance of his wit. Despite his many distractions, he gained a First Class Honours Degree. In 1882 he went on a lecture tour to America. On his arrival he announced that he was "disappointed with the Atlantic Ocean," and when asked by the Customs official if he had anything to declare, answered, "Nothing to

declare—except my genius." His first drama, *Vera*, was produced in New York during his visit, but it is by his later plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892), *A Woman of No Importance* (1892), but, above all, by the brilliantly witty *The Importance of being Earnest*, that Wilde is best known as a dramatist.

The Happy Prince and Other Tales was published in 1888, and though his stories are not so well known as his novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891), nevertheless they, and particularly the story that follows, have a delicacy of feeling and a beauty of language and imagination that may make them his most lasting work.

Wilde is buried in Paris, where he died.

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires,[1] and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.[2]

He was very much admired indeed. "He is as beautiful as a weathercock," remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; "only not quite so useful," he added, fearing lest people should think him unpractical, which he really was not.

"Why can't you be like the Happy Prince?" asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. "The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything."

"I am glad there is someone in the world who is quite happy," muttered[3] a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

"He looks just like an angel," said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

"How do you know?" said the Mathematical Master, "you have never seen one."

"Ah! but we have, in our dreams," answered the

[1] sapphire = blue precious stone.
[2] hilt = handle.
[3] mutter = speak in a low voice.

children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

"Shall I love you?" said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples.[1] This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

"It is a ridiculous attachment," twittered[2] the other Swallows; "she has no money, and far too many relations;" and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. "She has no conversation," he said, "and I am afraid that she is a coquette,[3] for she is always flirting[4] with the wind." And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtseys.[5] "I admit that she is domestic," he continued, "but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also."

"Will you come away with me?" he said finally to her, but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

[1] ripple = small wave.
[2] twitter = make quick, soft sounds.
[3] coquette = woman who amuses herself by making men fall in love with her.
[4] flirt = make love without serious purpose.
[5] curtsey = bending of the knees, made by women as a sign of respect.

"You have been trifling[1] with me," he cried. "I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!" and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. "Where shall I put up?"[2] he said; "I hope the town has made preparations."

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

"I will put up there," he cried; "it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air." So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

"I have a golden bedroom," he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. "What a curious thing!" he cried; "there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness."

Then another drop fell.

"What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off? he said; "I must look for a good chimney-pot," and he determined to fly away.

But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.

"Who are you?" he said.

"I am the Happy Prince."

"Why are you weeping then?" asked the Swallow; "you have quite drenched[3] me."

[1] trifling = not treating seriously.
[2] put up = stay.
[3] drench = make very wet.

"When I was alive and had a human heart," answered the statue, "I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci,[1] where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep."

"What! is he not solid gold?" said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

"Far away," continued the statue in a low musical voice, "far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress.[2] She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen's maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not take her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal[3] and I cannot move."

"I am waited for in Egypt," said the Swallow. "My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and

[1] Sans-Souci (*French*) = "without care."
[2] seamstress = a woman who earns her living by sewing.
[3] pedestal = block or pillar on which a statue stands.

talking to the large lotus flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed[1] with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade,[2] and his hands are like withered leaves."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad."

"I don't think I like boys," answered the Swallow. "Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller's sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility[3]; but still, it was a mark of disrespect."

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. "It is very cold here," he said: "but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger."

"Thank you, little Swallow," said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince's sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. "How wonderful the stars are," he said to her, "and how wonderful is the power of love!"

"I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State ball," she answered; "I have ordered passion flowers

[1] embalmed = (of a dead body) preserved so that it doesn't decay.
[2] jade = precious green stone.
[3] agility = quickness.

to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy."

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman's thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy's forehead with his wings. "How cool I feel!" said the boy, " I must be getting better;" and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon!"[1] said the Professor of Ornithology[2] as he was passing over the bridge. " A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Everyone quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped,[3] and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

[1] phenomenon = happening.
[2] ornithology = science of the study of birds.
[3] chirrup (chirp) = make a sound like a small bird.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions[1] for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, " will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls,[2] and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."[3]

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret.[4] He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler[5] by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas ! I have no ruby now," said the Prince : "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him.

[1] commission = duty ; special work.
[2] beryl = precious stone.
[3] cataract = waterfall.
[4] garret = small room just under the roof.
[5] tumbler = drinking-glass.

He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, " I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling[1] big chests[2] out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy[3]!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing[4] to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never

[1] haul = pull.
[2] chest = box.
[3] Heave = pull. " Heave a-hoy" = a call used by sailors.
[4] coo = make a soft murmuring sound.

forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped[1] past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass!" cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises,[2] who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch goldfish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels

[1] swoop = fly down low and fast.
[2] ibis = long-legged water bird.

and carry amber[1] beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a palm tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honeycakes; and of the pygmies[2] who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

"Dear little Swallow," said the Prince, "you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there."

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly[3] at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another's arms to try and keep themselves warm. "How hungry we are! they said. "You must not lie here," shouted the watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

"I am covered with fine gold," said the Prince, "you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think, that gold can make them happy."

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children's faces grew rosier, and they laughed

[1] amber = clear, yellow, stone-like material.
[2] pygmy = very small person. The pygmies are a race of very small people in Africa.
[3] listless = without interest in or desire to do anything.

and played games in the street. "We have bread now !" they cried.

Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening ; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves[1] of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking, and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just enough strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. "Good-bye, dear Prince !" he murmured, "will you let me kiss your hand?"

"I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow," said the Prince, "you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you."

"It is not to Egypt that I am going," said the Swallow. "I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?"

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the stature, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue; "Dear me ! how shabby the Happy Prince looks !" he said.

[1] eaves = overhanging edge of a roof.

"How shabby, indeed !" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor; "in fact, he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels : and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

EXERCISES

I. Use the following words in sentences:

1. statue	6. domestic	11. appreciate
2. weathercock	7. curious	12. shabby
3. slender	8. selfish	13. misery
4. icicles	9. lazy	14. mast
5. ridiculous	10. hopped	15. thimble

II. The first word in each of these pairs appears in the story; the second word resembles it in pronunciation. Use each in a sentence so as to bring out the meaning:

waist, waste; bow, bough; flew, 'flu'; through, threw; air, heir; rain, reign; led, lead; died, dyed; here, hear; wear, where; there, their; night, knight; heard, herd; weigh, way; so, sew; throne, thrown; hair, hare; write, right; grate, great; hole, whole; bury, berry; blue, blew; bare, bear; past, passed; red, read; sail, sale; seen, scene; furs, firs; knew, new; allowed, aloud.

III. Each of the following words from this story has more than one meaning or can be used as a different part of speech. Illustrate by sentences, *e.g.*

1. *Spring* is the first season of the year.
2. I had a drink at the *spring*.
3. The *spring* of my watch is broken.
4. With a quick *spring* the cat caught the mouse.

leaves, swallow, bow, wind, fire, light, drop, tear, lead, water, like, fly, scales, spirits, watch, utter, lean, play, faint, chest, hold, palm, dart, match, glass, row, bank, desert, bridge, lie, note, still.

COMPREHENSION EXERCISES

I. Describe briefly the statue.
II. Where was the swallow going? Why? Why was he late?
III. What impression do you get of the city?
IV. Describe briefly (*a*) the seamstress and her home, (*b*) the poet and his home.
V. How does the writer give the suggestion of (*a*) colour, (*b*) richness, (*c*) picturesqueness in this story? Illustrate your answer by examples.
VI. Write out what you think are the three most beautiful phrases or sentences.
VII. What impression do you get of the character of (*a*) the Mayor, (*b*) the Mathematics Master, (*c*) the swallow.
VIII. Do you think the Angel had "rightly chosen the two most precious things in the city"? Why do you think so?
IX. Illustrate from this story Wilde's sympathy for the poor and oppressed.
X. What would you say are the outstanding qualities of Wilde's work?

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

Letter Writing

I. Imagine you are staying in the city of the Happy Prince. Write a letter to a friend describing the city.
II. Write a letter, such as one of the Town Councillors might have written suggesting that the "shabby statue" should be pulled down and another statue (of yourself) put in its place.

III. Write other letters:

1. Inviting a friend to stay with you.
2. Accepting (or refusing) the invitation.
3. To a friend describing your visit to a country house.
4. To the Clerk of the Council complaining about the bad lighting in your street.
5. To the Prime Minister, suggesting some reforms that you think ought to be undertaken.
6. To the railway company, complaining that your luggage, sent away four days ago, has not yet arrived.
7. To an absent-minded uncle who has sent you for your birthday a copy of the same book that he sent you at Christmas.
8. To your sister who, owing to illness, has had to spend Christmas away from home.
9. To a garage proprietor who has sent you an exorbitant bill for repairs.
10. To a bookseller, asking him if he can supply you with certain books—second-hand copies if possible.
11. Applying for the following situations :—
(*a*) *Wanted.*—Foreign correspondent for a firm of paper manufacturers. Must have good knowledge of French, German, and English. Apply giving full particulars, to D. 24, *Daily Telegraph*.
(*b*) Governess wanted for two children, aged 5 and 7. Apply, giving full particulars of training and experience, to Mrs Sherwood, 17 Robin Hood Road, Nottingham.

THE PEARL OF LOVE

By H. G. WELLS (1866-1946)

H. G. Wells was one of the most dynamic personalities and one of the most versatile of modern writers. He has written "scientific romances" like *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The First Men on the Moon;* great "sociological" novels like *Kipps*, *The History of Mr Polly*, *Tono-Bungay*, *Ann Veronica;* innumerable pamphlets and novels expounding his lively ideas for reforming politic religion, education, civilisation and the world generally, such as *A Modern Utopia*, *New Worlds for Old*, *God the Invisible King*. As a short story writer as, for example, in *The Country of the Blind*, *The Pearl of Love*, *The Cove*, *The Truth about Pycraft*, he is among the greatest exponents of this form. He early realised the possiblities of the cinema and, mastering its technique, wrote the scenario for and personally supervised the production of his film *Things to Come*. Single-handed he wrote a popular history of the world (*The Outline of History*); in collaboration with his son G. P. Wells and Dr Julian Huxley, he showed his mastery of biology in *The Science of Life*, and, again by himself, he expounded his views on economics in *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind*. The despair that he felt at the course the world was taking in 1939 is shown in *The Outlook for Homo Sapiens* and, in 1945, in his final work *Mind at the End of its Tether*.

The pearl is lovelier than the most brilliant of crystalline stones, the moralist declares, because it is made through the suffering of a living creature. About that I can say nothing, because I feel none of the fascination of pearls. Their cloudy lustre moves me not at all. Nor can I decide for myself upon that age-long dispute whether *The Pearl of Love* is the cruellest of stories or only a gracious fable of the immortality of beauty.

Both the story and the controversy will be familiar to students of mediaeval Persian prose. The story is a short one, though the commentary upon it is a respectable part of the literature of that period. They have treated it as a poetic invention and they have treated it as an allegory meaning this, that, or the other thing. Theologians have had their copious[1] way with

[1] copious=full, plentiful.

it, dealing with it particularly as concerning the restoration of the body after death, and it has been greatly used as a parable by those who write about asthetics.[1] And many have held it to be the statement of a fact, simply and baldly true.

The story is laid in North India, which is the most fruitful soil for sublime love stories of all the lands in the world. It was in a country of sunshine and lakes and rich forests and hills and fertile valleys; and far away the great mountains hung in the sky, peaks, crests, and ridges of inaccessible and eternal snow. There was a young prince, lord of all the land; and he found a maiden of indescribable beauty and delightfulness and he made her his queen and laid his heart at her feet. Love was theirs, full of joys and sweetness, full of hope, exquisite, brave and marvellous love, beyond anything you have ever dreamt of love. It was theirs for a year and a part of a year; and then suddenly, because of some venomous[2] sting that came to her in a thicket,[3] she died.

She died and for a while the prince was utterly prostrated. He was silent and motionless with grief. They feared he might kill himself, and he had neither sons nor brothers to succeed him. For two days and nights he lay upon his face, fasting,[4] across the foot of the couch which bore her calm and lovely body. Then he arose and ate, and went about very quietly like one who has taken a great resolution. He caused her body to be put in a coffin of lead mixed with silver, and for that he had an outer coffin made of the most precious and scented woods wrought with gold, and about that there was to be a sarcophagus[5] of alabaster,[6] inlaid with

[1] aesthetics = the science of the beautiful. [2] venomous = poisonous.
[3] thicket = a place where there are many trees and bushes.
[4] fasting = eating nothing. [5] sarcophagus = a stone coffin.
[6] alabaster = a soft white limestone.

precious stones. And while these things were being done he spent his time for the most part by the pools and in the garden-houses and pavilions and groves and in those chambers in the palace where they two had been most together, brooding upon her loveliness. He did not rend[1] his garments nor defile himself with ashes and sackcloth as the custom was, for his love was too great for such extravagances. At last he came forth again among his councillors and before the people, and told them what he had a mind to do.

He said he could never more touch woman, he could never more think of them, and so he would find a seemly[2] youth to adopt for his heir and train him to his task, and that he would do his princely duties as became him; but that for the rest of it, he would give himself with all his power and all his strength and all his wealth, all that he could command, to make a monument worthy of his incomparable, dear, lost mistress. A building it should be of perfect grace and beauty, more marvellous than any other building had ever been or could ever be, so that to the end of time it should be a wonder, and men would treasure it and speak of it and desire to see it and come from all the lands of the earth to visit and recall the name and the memory of his queen. And this building he said was to be called the Pearl of Love.

And this his councillors and people permitted him to do, and so he did.

Year followed year and all the years he devoted himself to building and adorning the Pearl of Love. A great foundation was hewn[3] out of the living rock in a place whence one seemed to be looking at the snowy wilderness of the great mountain across the valley of

[1] rend = tear *(poetical)*.
[2] seemly = handsome, good.
[3] hewn (verb *to hew*) = cut.

the world. Villages and hills there were, a winding river, and very far away three great cities. Here they put the sarcophagus of alabaster beneath a pavilion of cunning workmanship; and about it there were set pillars of strange and lovely stone and wrought[1] and fretted[2] walls, and a great casket of masonry bearing a dome and pinnacles[3] and cupolas,[4] as exquisite as a jewel. At first the design of the Pearl of Love was less bold and subtle than it became later. At first it was smaller and more wrought and encrusted; there were many pierced screens and delicate clusters of rosy-hued pillars, and the sarcophagus lay like a child that sleeps among flowers. The first dome was covered with green tiles, framed and held together by silver, but this was taken away again because it seemed close, because it did not soar[5] grandly enough for the broadening imagination of the prince.

For by this time he was no longer the graceful youth who had loved the girl queen. He was now a man, grave and intent, wholly set upon the building of the Pearl of Love. With every year of effort he had learnt new possibilities in arch and wall and buttress[6]; he had acquired greater power over the material he had to use and he had learnt of a hundred stones and hues and effects that he could never have thought of in the beginning. His sense of colour had grown finer and colder; he cared no more for the enamelled gold-lined brightness that had pleased him first, the brightness of an illuminated missal[7]; he sought now for blue colourings like the sky and for the subtle hues of great distances,

1 wrought=worked (*poetical*).
2 fretted=carved.
3 pinnacle=pointed top of a roof.
4 cupola=rounded top of a building.
5 soar=rise.
6 buttress=a projecting support.
7 missal=book used by the Roman Catholic Church.

for recondite[1] shadows and sudden broad floods of purple opalescence and for grandeur and space. He wearied altogether of carvings and pictures and inlaid ornamentation and all the little careful work of men. "Those were pretty things," he said of his earlier decorations, and had them put aside into subordinate buildings where they would not hamper[2] his main design. Greater and greater grew his artistry. With awe and amazement people saw the Pearl of Love sweeping up from its first beginnings to a superhuman breadth and height and magnificence. They did not know clearly what they had expected, but never had they expected so sublime a thing as this. "Wonderful are the miracles," they whispered, "that love can do," and all the women in the world, whatever other loves they had, loved the prince for the splendour of his devotion.

Through the middle of the building ran a great aisle, a vista, that the prince came to care for more and more. From the inner entrance of the building he looked along the length of an immense pillared gallery and across the central area from which the rose-hued columns had long since vanished, over the top of the pavilion under which lay the sarcophagus, through a marvellously designed opening, to the snowy wildernesses of the great mountain, the lord of all mountains, two hundred miles away. The pillars and arches and buttresses and galleries soared and floated on either side, perfect yet unobtrusive, like great archangels waiting in the shadows about the presence of God. When men saw that austere beauty for the first time they were exalted, and then they shivered and their hearts bowed down. Very often would the prince come to stand there and look at that vista, deeply moved and not yet fully satisfied. The Pearl of Love had still

[1] recondite=subtle, obscure.
[2] hamper=hinder, cause difficulty to.

something for him to do, he felt, before his task was done. Always he would order some little alteration to be made or some recent alteration to be put back again. And one day he said that the sarcophagus would be clearer and simpler without the pavilion; and after regarding it very steadfastly for a long time, he had the pavilion dismantled[1] and removed.

The next day he came and said nothing, and the next day and the next. Then for two days he stayed away altogether. Then he returned, bringing with him an architect and two master craftsmen and small retinue.

All looked, standing together silently in a little group, amidst the serene vastness of their achievement. No trace of toil remained in its perfection. It was as if the God of nature's beauty had taken over their offspring[2] to himself.

Only one thing there was to mar[3] the absolute harmony. There was a certain disproportion about the sarcophagus. It had never been enlarged, and indeed how could it have been enlarged since the early days? It challenged the eye; it nicked[4] the streaming lines. In that sarcophagus was the casket of lead and silver, and in the casket of lead and silver was the queen, the dear immortal cause of all this beauty. But now that sarcophagus seemed no more than a little dark oblong that lay incongruously[5] in the great vista of the Pearl of Love. It was as if someone had dropped a small valise[6] upon the crystal sea of heaven.

Long the prince mused,[7] but no one knew the thoughts that passed through his mind.

At last he spoke. He pointed.

"Take that thing away," he said.

[1] to dismantle = to take away all the fittings.
[2] offspring = child.
[3] mar = spoil.
[4] nicked = made a small break in.
[5] incongruously = unsuitably.
[6] valise = travelling bag.
[7] mused = thought deeply.

EXERCISES

I. Use each of the following in sentences :

1. moralist
2. fascination
3. lustre
4. immortality
5. allegory
6. sublime
7. utterly
8. resolution
9. brood
10. councillor
11. incomparable
12. casket
13. hue
14. illuminate
15. subordinate
16. hamper
17. miracle
18. soar
19. architect
20. oblong

II. Make these sentences negative:

1. The pearl is lovelier than the most brilliant of crystalline stones.
2. I feel some of the fascination of pearls.
3. He found a maiden of indescribable beauty.
4. He lay, fasting, on the couch.
5. He arose and ate and went about quietly.
6. He came forth and told them his plan.
7. There were some screens and rosy-hued pillars.
8. He brought somebody to see the building.
9. The sarcophagus lay under the pavilion.
10. The next day he said something about the building.

III. Turn the following from Direct Speech to Indirect speech :

1. He said to his councillors, "This is what I have a mind to do."
2. He said, "I can never more think of woman."
3. He said, "I will do my princely duties as becomes me."
4. "Those are pretty .hings," he said "but put them into subordinate buildings where they will not hamper my main design."

5. "Wonderful things are the miracles," they whispered, "that love can do."
6. The prince said, "The sarcophagus will be clearer and simpler without the pavilion."
7. He said, "Make a little alteration here."
8. He said, "I shall call the building The Pearl of Love."
9. They said, "We do not know what we expect."
10. "Take that thing away," he said.

IV. Make each of the following groups of simple sentences into a complex sentence by using one or more conjunctions or relative pronouns, and making any other necessary alterations:

1. (*a*) The pearl is lovelier than the most brilliant of crystalline stones.
   (*b*) It is made through the suffering of a living creature.
2. (*a*) The story is a short one.
   (*b*) The commentary upon it fills many books.
3. (*a*) The story is laid in North India.
   (*b*) North India is the most fruitful soil for sublime love stories.
4. (*a*) He spent his time by the pools and in the gardens.
   (*b*) They had been happy together in these gardens.
5. (*a*) Men saw that austere beauty for the first time.
   (*b*) They were exalted.
   (*c*) Then they shivered.
   (*d*). Their hearts bowed down.
6. (*a*) *The Pearl of Love* is the cruellest of stories.
   (*b*) *The Pearl of Love* is a gracious fable.
   (*c*) I can't decide.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story in about 400 words.

II. "They have treated it as a poetic invention and they have treated it as an allegory . . . and as a parable . . . and many have held it to be a statement of fact simply and boldly true." Discuss the story from all these points of view and give your own opinion.

PLAYS

THE NEVER-NEVER NEST

By CEDRIC MOUNT

Characters

JACK	AUNT JANE
JILL, *his wife*	NURSE

SCENE : *The lounge of* JACK *and* JILL'S *villa at New Hampstead. The essential furniture consists of a table, on which are writing materials, and two chairs. As the curtain rises the lounge is empty, but* JACK *and* JILL *come in immediately, followed by* AUNT JANE.

JILL: And this is the lounge.

AUNT JANE: Charming! Charming! Such a cosy little room! And such pretty furniture.

JACK (*modestly*): We like it, you know. Handy[1] place to sit in and listen to the radiogram.

AUNT JANE: Oh, have you got a radiogram as well as a car and a piano?

JACK: Why, of course, Aunt Jane. You simply must have a radio set nowadays.

JILL: And it's so nice for me when Jack's away at business. I even make him move it into the kitchen, so that I can listen to it while I cook.

JACK: Sit down, Aunt Jane. You must be tired—and we've shown you everything now.

JILL: What do you think of our little nest, Aunt Jane?

[1] Handy = convenient.

AUNT JANE: I think it's wonderful, my dears. The furniture—and the car—and the piano—and the refrigerator—and the radio-what's it[1]—it's wonderful, really wonderful !

JACK: And we owe it all to you.

AUNT JANE: Yes, Jack, that's what's worrying me.

JACK: Worrying you, Aunt Jane:

AUNT JANE: Yes. That cheque I gave you for your wedding present—it was only two hundred pounds, wasn't it?—I didn't put two thousand by mistake?

JILL: Why no, Aunt Jane. What on earth made you think that?

AUNT JANE (*relieved*): Well, that's all right. But I still don't altogether understand. This house—it's very lovely—but doesn't it cost a great deal for rent?

JACK: Rent? Oh, no, we don't pay rent.

AUNT JANE: But, Jack, if you don't pay rent, you'll get turned out—into the street. And that would never do. You've Jill and the baby to think of now, you know.

JACK: No, no, Aunt Jane. You misunderstood me. We don't pay rent because the house is ours.

AUNT JANE: Yours?

JILL: Why, yes! You just pay ten pounds and it's yours.

JACK: You see, Aunt Jane, we realised how uneconomic it is to go on paying rent year after year, when you can buy and enjoy a home of your own for ten pounds—and a few quarterly payments, of course. Why be Mr Tenant when you can be Mr Owner?

AUNT JANE: I see. Yes, there's something in that. Even so, you must be getting on very well to keep up a place like this.

JILL: Oh, he is, Aunt Jane. Why, only last year he had a five-shilling rise[2]—didn't you, Jack?

[1] what's it=term used when at a loss for a definite name.
[2] five-shilling rise=increase of salary of five shillings a week.

JACK (*modestly*): Of course that was nothing, really. I'm expecting ten this Christmas.

AUNT JANE (*suddenly*): Jack ! I've just seen something. That car—is it yours?

JILL: Of course it's ours.

AUNT JANE: *All* yours?

JACK: Well, no. Not exactly all.

AUNT JANE: How much of it?

JACK: Oh, I should say the steering wheel—and one of the tyres—and about two of the cylinders. But, don't you see, that's the wonderful thing about it.

AUNT JANE: I don't see anything wonderful about it.

JILL: But there is, Aunt Jane. You see, although we could never buy a car outright, we can enjoy all the pleasures of motoring for a mere five pounds down.

AUNT JANE: *And* the rest by easy instalments, I suppose.

JILL: Exactly.

AUNT JANE: Exactly. And what about the radiogram?

JACK: Well, that's the——

AUNT JANE: And the piano?

JILL: Well, of course——

AUNT JANE: And the furniture?

JACK: I—I'm afraid so——

AUNT JANE: I suppose all you own is this leg. (*She points to one.*)

JILL: Well, no, as a matter of fact, it's that one. (*She points to another.*)

AUNT JANE: And the rest belongs to Mr Sage,[1] I suppose?

JILL: Er—yes.

AUNT JANE: Well, I'm not going to sit on Mr Sage's part for anyone. (*She stands up.*) Now, tell, me, how much do all these instalments come to?

JACK: Well, actually—(*he takes out his pocket-book and consults it*)—actually to fourteen pounds eight and eightpence a week.

[1] Mr Sage, the business firm that supplies the furniture.

AUNT JANE: Good heavens ! And how much do you earn?
JACK: As a matter of fact—er—that is—twelve pounds.
AUNT JANE: But that's absurd ! How can you pay fourteen pounds eight and eightpence out of twelve pounds?
JACK: Oh, that's easy. You see, all you have to do is to borrow the rest of the money for the payments from the Thrift and Providence Trust Corporation.
JILL: They're only too glad to loan you any amount you like, on note of hand alone.
AUNT JANE: And how do you propose to pay that back?
JACK : Oh, that's easy, too. You just pay it back in instalments.
AUNT JANE: Instalments! (*She claps her hand to her forehead and sinks back weakly into the chair. Then realises that she is sitting on Mr Sage's piece and leaps to her feet again with a little shriek.*)
JACK: Aunt Jane ! Is anything the matter? Would you like to lie down?
AUNT JANE: Lie down? Do you suppose I'm going to trust myself in a bed that belongs to Mr Sage or Marks & Spencer, or somebody? No, I'm going home.
JILL: Oh, must you really go?
AUNT JANE: I think I'd better.
JACK: I'll drive you to the station.
AUNT JANE: What ! Travel in a car that has only one tyre and two thingummies[1]! No thank you—I'll take the'bus.
JACK: Well, of course, if you feel like that about it . . .
AUNT JANE (*relenting a little*): Now, I'm sorry if I sounded rude, but really I'm shocked to find the way you're living. I've never owed a penny in my life—cash down, that's my motto[2]—and I want you to do the same. (*She opens her handbag.*) Now look, here's a little cheque I was meaning to give you, anyway. (*She hands it to* JILL.) Suppose you take it and pay off just one of your

[1] thingummy = used for a thing when one is at a loss for a definite term
[2] motto = a saying, but here = a rule of life.

bills—so that you can say one thing at least really belongs to you.

JILL (*awkwardly*) : Er—thank you, Aunt Jane. It's very nice of you.

AUNT JANE (*patting her arm*) : There ! Now I must be going.

JACK: I'll see you to the 'bus, anyway.

JILL : Good-bye, Aunt Jane—and thanks so much for the present.

AUNT JANE (*kissing her*) : Good-bye, my dear.

[*She and* JACK *go out.* JILL *looks at the cheque and exclaims "Ten pounds!" Then she hurries to the table, addresses an envelope, endorses*[1] *the cheque and slips it inside with a bill which she takes from her bag, and seals the envelope. Then she rings the bell. In a moment the* NURSE *comes in with the baby in her arms.*]

JILL: Oh, nurse, I want you to run and post this for me. I'll look after baby while you're gone.

NURSE: Certainly, madam. (*She hands the baby to* JILL, *takes the letter, and goes.*

[*A second later* JACK *comes in again.*]

JACK: Well, she's gone! What a tartar[2]! Still, she did leave us a bit on account—how much was it?

JILL : Ten pounds.

JACK (*with a whistle*): Phew[3]! That's great! We can pay off the next two months on the car with that.

JILL:—I—I'm afraid we can't——

JACK: Why ever not?

JILL: You see, I—I've already sent it off for something else. Nurse has just gone to post it.

JACK: Well, that's all right. Who have you sent it to?

JILL: Dr Martin.

JACK: Dr Martin! What on earth possessed you to do that?

[1] endorses = signs it on the back.
[2] tartar = difficult, hot-tempered person.
[3] Phew! = exclamation.

JILL (*nearly in tears*): There! Now you're going to be angry with me.

JACK: I'm not angry! But why waste good money on the doctor? Doctors don't expect to get paid anyway.

JILL (*sobbing a little*): Bu—but you d-don't understand——

JACK: Understand what?

JILL: Why, just one more instalment and BABY'S REALLY OURS!

She is holding out the infant, a little pathetically, as we BLACK OUT.

EXERCISES

I. Use the following words in sentences :

lounge, refrigerator, uneconomic, instalments, thrift, awkwardly, endorse, pathetically.

COMPREHENSION EXERCISE

I. Answer the following questions :

1. Who are the actors in this play?
2. What is a "radiogram"?
3. How had Jack and Jill bought all their things?
4. What had Aunt Jane given them for a wedding present?
5. What do you call a man who pays rent?
6. What rise had Jack last year?
7. What parts of a motor car are mentioned? Can you give any others?
8. How much were Jack and Jill paying in instalments?
9. What was Jack's salary?
10. How did they get the difference?
11. How did Aunt Jane return to the station?
12. What was Aunt Jane's motto?
13. How much was the cheque for?

14. What word did Jack use to describe Aunt Jane?
15. Who took Jill's letter to the post?
16. What was Jack going to do with the money?
17. Whom had Jill sent it to?
18. Why didn't Jack want to send it to the doctor?
19. What was the doctor's name?
20. Why did Jill send him the cheque?

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of the play in about 250 words.
II. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of buying on the instalment plan.

THE DEATH TRAP

By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO) (1870-1916)

This short play is perhaps hardly characteristic of "Saki" for he is best known as one of the most brilliant English writers of humour and satire. He has a fine sense of comic characterisation and witty dialogue, light and polished but often with an underlying note of cruelty. His best short stories are *The Chronicles of Cloves* and *Beasts and Super-beasts.* By his death in action in 1916, English literature suffered a great loss.

Characters

DIMITRI, *reigning prince of Kedaria.*

DR STRONETZ
COL. GIRNITZA
MAJOR VONTIEFF
CAPTAIN SHULTZ
} *officers of the Kranitzki Regiment of Guards.*

SCENE: *An ante-chamber in the Prince's castle at Tzern.*
TIME: *The present day. The scene opens about ten o'clock in the evening.*

An ante-chamber, rather sparsely furnished. Some rugs of Balkan manufacture on the walls. A narrow table in the centre

of the room, another table set with wine bottles and goblets[1] *near the window* (right). *Some high-backed chairs set here and there round the room. Tiled stove* (left). *Door in centre.*

GIRNITZA, VONTIEFF, and SHULTZ *are talking together as curtain rises.*

GIRNITZA: The Prince suspects something: I can see it in his manner.

SHULTZ: Let him suspect. He will know for certain in half an hour's time.

GIRNITZA: The moment the Andrieff Regiment has marched out of the town we are ready for him.

SHULTZ (*drawing a revolver from its case and aiming it at an imaginary person*): And then—short shrift[2] for his Royal Highness ! I don't think many of my bullets will go astray.

GIRNITZA: The revolver was never a favourite weapon of mine. I shall finish the job with this.

[*Half draws his sword and sends it back into its scabbard with a click.*]

VONTIEFF: Oh, we shall do for him right enough. It's a pity he's such a boy, though. I would rather we had a grown man to deal with.

GIRNITZA : We must take our chance when we can find it. Grown men marry and breed heirs and then one has to massacre a whole family. When we've killed this boy we've killed the last of the dynasty, and laid the way clear for Prince Karl. As long as there was one of this brood left our good Karl could never win the throne.

VONTIEFF: Oh, I know this is our great chance. Still, I wish the boy could be cleared out of our path by the finger of Heaven rather than by our hands.

[1] goblets=wine glasses.

[2] shrift=confession of sins to a priest. *To give short shrift*= to allow very little time for confession before killing a person.

SHULTZ: Hush ! *Here he comes.*

[*Enter, by door* (centre), PRINCE DIMITRI, *in undress cavalry uniform. He comes straight into room, begins taking cigarette out of a case, and looks coldly at the three officers.*]

DIMITRI: You needn't wait.

[*They bow and withdraw,* SHULTZ *going last and staring insolently at the* PRINCE. *He seats himself at table,* (centre.) *As door shuts he stares for a moment at it, then suddenly bows his head on his arms in attitude of despair . . . . A knock is heard at the door.* DIMITRI *leaps to his feet. Enter* STRONETZ *in civilian attire.*]

DIMITRI (*eagerly*) : Stronetz ! My God, how glad I am to see you !

STRONETZ : One wouldn't have thought so, judging by the difficulty I had in gaining admission. I had to invent a special order to see you on a matter of health. And they made me give up my revolver; they said it was some new regulation.

DIMITRI (*with a short laugh*): They have taken away every weapon I posses, under some pretext or another. My sword has gone to be reset, my revolver is being cleaned, my hunting-knife has been mislaid.

STRONETZ (*horrified*) : My God, Dimitri ! You don't mean——?

DIMITRI. Yes, I do. I am trapped. Since I came to the throne three years ago as a boy of fourteen I have been watched and guarded against this moment, but it has caught me unawares.

STRONETZ : But your guards !

DIMITRI : Did you notice the uniforms? The Kranitzki Regiment. They are heart and soul for Prince Karl; the artillery are equally disaffected. The Andrieff Regiment was the only doubtful factor in their plans, and it marches out to camp to-night. The Lonyadi Regiment comes in to relieve it an hour or so later.

STRONETZ: They are loyal, surely?

DIMITRI: Yes,, but their loyalty will arrive an hour or so too late.

STRONETZ: Dimitri ! You mustn't stay here to be killed! You must get out quick !

DIMITRI: My dear good Stronetz, for more tnan a generation the Karl faction have been trying to stamp our line out of existence. I am the last of the lot; do you suppose that they are going to let me slip out of their claws now? They're not so damned silly.

STRONETZ: But this is awful ! You sit there and talk as if it were a move in a chess game.

DIMITRI (*rising*): Oh, Stronetz! If you knew how I hate death! I'm not a coward, but I do so want to live. Life is so horribly fascinating when one is young, and I've tasted so little of it yet. (*Goes to window.*) Look out of the window at that fairyland of mountains with the forest running up and down all over it. You can just see Grodvitz where I shot all last autumn, up there on the left, and far away beyond it all is Vienna. Were you ever in Vienna, Stronetz? I've only been there once, and it seemed like a magic city to me. And there are other wonderful cities in the world that I've never seen. Oh, I do so want to live. Think of it; here I am alive and talking to you, as we've talked dozens of times in this grey old room, and to-morrow a fat, stupid servant will be washing up a red stain in that corner—I think it will probably be in that corner.

[*He points to corner near stove* (left).]

STRONETZ: But you mustn't be butchered in cold blood like this, Dimitri. If they've left you nothing to fight with I can give you a drug from my case that will bring you a speedy death before they can touch you.

DIMITRI: Thanks, no, old chap. You had better leave before it begins ; they won't touch you. But I won't

3383

drug myself. I've never seen anyone killed before, and I shan't get another opportunity.

STRONETZ: Then I won't leave you; you can see two men killed while you are about it.

[*A band is heard in distance playing a march.*]

DIMITRI: The Andrieff Regiment marching out! Now they won't waste much time! (*He draws himself up tense in corner by stove.*) Hush, they are coming!

STRONETZ (*rushing suddenly towards* DIMITRI): Quick! An idea! Tear open your tunic!

[*He unfastens* DIMITRI'S *tunic and appears to be testing his heart. The door swings open and the three officers enter.* STRONETZ *waves a hand commanding silence, and continues his testing. The officers stare at him.*]

GIRNITZA: Dr Stronetz, will you have the goodness to leave the room? We have some business with His Royal Highness. Urgent business, Dr Stronetz.

STRONETZ (*facing round*): Gentlemen, I fear my business is more grave. I have the saddest of duties to perform. I know you would all gladly lay down your lives for your Prince, but there are some perils which even your courage cannot avert.

GIRNITZA (*puzzled*): What are you talking of, sir?

STRONETZ: The Prince sent for me to prescribe for some disquieting[1] symptoms that have declared themselves. I have made my examination. My duty is a cruel one. . . . I cannot give him six days to live!

[DIMITRI *sinks into chair near table in pretended collapse. The officers turn to each other, nonplussed.*]

GIRNITZA: You are certain? It is a grave thing you are saying. You are not making any mistake?

STRONETZ (*laying his hand on* DIMITRI'S *shoulder*): Would to God I were!

[*The officers again turn, whispering to each other.*]

[1] disquieting=causing anxiety.

GIRNITZA: It seems our business can wait.

VONTIEFF (*to* DIMITRI): Sire, this is the finger of Heaven.

DIMITRI (*brokenly*): Leave me.

[*They salute and slowly withdraw.* DIMITRI *slowly raises his head, then springs to his feet, rushes to door and listens, then turns round jubilantly to* STRONETZ.]

DIMITRI: Spoofed[1] them! Ye gods. that was an idea, Stronetz!

STRONETZ (*who stands quietly looking at* DIMITRI): It was not altogether an inspiration, Dimitri. A look in your eyes suggested it. I had seen men who were stricken with a mortal disease look like that.

DIMITRI: Never mind what suggested it, you have saved me. The Lonyadi Regiment will be here at any moment and Girnitza's gang daren't risk anything then. You've fooled them, Stronetz, you've fooled them.

STRONETZ (*sadly*): Boy, I haven't fooled them. . . . (DIMITRI *stares at him for a long moment.*) It was a real examination I made while those brutes were waiting there to kill you. It was a real report I made; the malady *is* there.

DIMITRI (*slowly*): Was it *all* true, what you told them?

STRONETZ: It was all true. You have not six days to live.

DIMITRI (*bitterly*): Death has come twice for me in one evening. I'm afraid he must be in earnest. (*Passionately*). Why didn't you let them kill me? That would have been better than this "to-be-left-till-called-for" business. (*Paces across to window* (right), *and looks out. Turns suddenly.*) Stronetz! You offered me a way of escape from a cruel death just now. Let me escape now from a crueller one. I am a monarch. I won't be kept waiting by death. Give me that little bottle.

[STRONETZ *hesitates, then draws out a small case, extracts bottle and gives it to him.*]

[1] spoof=trick, deceive (*slang*).

STRONETZ: Four of five drops will do what you ask for.

DIMITRI: Thank you. And now, old friend, good-bye. Go quickly. You've seen me just a little brave—I may not keep it up. I want you to remember me as being brave. Good-bye, best of friends, go.

[STRONTEZ *wrings his hand and rushes from the room with his face hidden in his arm. The door shuts.* DIMITRI *looks for a moment after his friend. Then he goes quickly over to side table and uncorks wine bottle. He is about to pour some wine into a goblet when he pauses as if struck by a new idea. He goes to door throws it open and listens, then calls, "Girnitza, Vontieff, Shultz!" Darting back to the table he pours the entire phial of poison into the wine bottle, and thrusts phial into his pocket. Enter the three officers.*]

DIMITRI (*pouring the wine into four goblets*): The Prince is dead—long live the Prince! (*He seats himself.*) The old feud must be healed now, there is no one left of my family to keep it on, Prince Karl must succeed. Long life to Prince Karl! Gentlemen of the Kranitzki Guards, drink to your future sovereign.

[*The three officers drink after glancing at each other.*]

GIRNITZA: Sire, we shall never serve a more gallant Prince than your Royal Highness.

DIMITRI: That is true, because you will never serve another Prince. Observe, I drink fair!

[*Drains goblet.*]

GIRNITZA: What do you mean, never serve another Prince?

DIMITRI (*rises*): I mean that I am going to march into the next world at the head of my Kranitzki Guards. You came in here to-night to kill me. (*They all start.*) You found that Death had forestalled you. I thought it a pity that the evening should be wasted, so I've killed *you*, that's all !

SHULTZ: The wine! He's poisoned us!

[VONTIEFF *seizes the bottle and examines it.* SHULTZ *smells his empty goblet.*]

GIRNITZA: Ah ! Poisoned !

[*He draws his sword and makes a step towards* DIMITRI, *who is sitting on the edge of the centre table.*]

DIMITRI: Oh, certainly, if you wish it. I'm due to die of disease in a few days and of poison in a minute or two, but if you like to take a little extra trouble about my end, please yourself.

[GIRNITZA *reels and drops sword on table and falls back into chair groaning.* SHULTZ *falls across table and* VONTIEFF *staggers against wall. At that moment a lively march is heard approaching.* DIMITRI *seizes the sword and waves it.*]

DIMITRI: Aha ! the Lonyadi Regiment marching in! My good loyal Kranitzki Guards shall keep me company into the next world. God save the Prince! (*Laughs wildly.*) Colonel Girnitza, I never thought death . . . could be . . . so amusing.

[*He falls dying to the ground.*]

CURTAIN

EXERCISES

I. Use the following words in sentences so as to bring out their meaning :

1. astray
2. scabbard
3. massacre
4. mislaid
5. insolently
6. faction
7. drug
8. urgent
9. avert
10. jubilant
11. feud
12. goblet

II. Each of the words that follow has a word that rhymes with it, *e.g.*, No. 4 rhymes with No. 25. Arrange the words in pairs according to their

rhymes, noting carefully those words whose pronunciation was unfamiliar:

1. bough
2. rough
3. dough
4. cough
5. through
6. mile
7. hush
8. can't
9. quay
10. cuff
11. journal
12. new
13. me
14. go
15. height
16. bury
17. clerk
18. bear
19. yacht
20. mail
21. merry
22. was
23. now
24. got
25. off
26. dark
27. gaol
28. bush
29. rush
30. cork
31. push
32. colonel
33. chalk
34. might
35. isle
36. goal
37. there
38. aunt
39. because
40. roll

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of the play in about 300 words.
II. Take a short story from the history of your country and turn it into a play.

IF I WERE YOU—

By DOUGLAS JAMES

Characters

GERRARD. INTRUDER.

The scene is a small cottage interior. There is an entrance back right (which may be curtains). Another door to the left must be a practical door. The furniture is simple, consisting of a small table towards the left, a chair or two, and a divan

rather up-stage[1] *on the right.* (N.B.—"*Right*" *and* "*Left*" *are from point of view of audience.*) *On the table is a telephone.*

When the curtain rises GERRARD *is standing by the table 'phoning. He is of medium height, and wears horn-rimmed glasses. He is dressed in a lounge suit and a greatcoat. His voice is cultured.*

GERRARD: . . . Well, tell him to 'phone up directly, I must know. Yes, I expect I'll still be here, but you mustn't count on that . . . In about ten minutes' time. Right-ho. Good-bye.

[*He puts down the 'phone and goes to the divan on the left, where there is a travelling bag, and starts packing. Whilst he is thus engaged, another man, similar in build to* GERRARD, *enters from the right silently—revolver in hand. He is flashily*[2] *dressed in an overocat and a soft hat. He bumps accidentally against the table, and at the sound* GERRARD *turns quickly.*]

GERRARD (*pleasantly*): Why, this *is* a surprise, Mr—er—

INTRUDER: I'm glad you're pleased to see me. I don't think you'll be pleased for long. Put those paws[3] up!

GERRARD: This is all very melodramatic; not very original, perhaps, but——

INTRUDER: Trying to be calm and —er——

GERRARD: "Nonchalant" is your word, I think.

INTRUDER: Thanks a lot. You'll soon stop being smart. I'll make you crawl. I want to know a few things, see.

GERRARD: Anything you like. I know all the answers. But before we begin I sho ld like to change my position: you may be comfortable, but I am not.

INTRUDER: Sit down there, and no funny business. (*Motions to chair, and seats himself on the divan by the bag.*) Now then, we'll have a nice little talk about yourself!

[1] up-stage = towards the back of the stage.
[2] flashily = showily but cheaply.
[3] paws = hands (*slang*).

GERRARD: At last a sympathetic audience! I'll tell you the story of my life. How as a child I was stolen by the gypsies, and why at the age of thirty-two I find myself in my lonely Essex cottage, how——

INTRUDER: Keep it to yourself, and just answer my questions. You live here alone? Well, do you?

GERRARD: I'm so sorry, I thought you were telling me, not asking me. A question of inflexion; your voice is—unfamiliar.

INTRUDER (*with emphasis*): Do you live here alone?

GERRARD: And if I don't answer?

INTRUDER: You've got enough sense not to want to get hurt.

GERRARD: I think good sense is shown more in the ability to avoid pain than in the mere desire to do so. What do you think, Mr—er——

INTRUDER: Never mind my name. I like yours better, Mr Gerrard. What are your Christian names?

GERRARD: Vincent Charles.

INTRUDER: Do you run a car?

GERRARD: No.

INTRUDER: That's a lie. You're not dealing with a fool. I'm as smart as you and smarter, and I know you run a car. Better be careful, wise guy[1]!

GERRARD: Are you American, or is that merely a clever imitation?

INTRUDER: Listen, this gun's no toy. I can hurt you without killing you, and still get my answers.

GERRARD: Of course, if you put it like that I'll be glad to assist you. I do possess a car, and it's in the garage round the corner.

INTRUDER: That's better. Do people often come out here?

GERRARD: Very rarely. Surprisingly few people take the trouble to visit me. There's the baker and the green-

[1] wise guy = clever fellow (*American < ang*).

grocer, of course; and then there's the milkman—quite charming, but no one so interesting as yourself.

INTRUDER: I happen to know that you never see tradespeople.

GERRARD: You seem to have taken a considerable amount of trouble. Since you know so much about me, won't you say something about yourself? You have been so modest.

INTRUDER: I could tell you plenty. You think you're smart, but I'm the top of the class round here. I've got brains and I use them. That's how I've got where I have.

GERRARD: And where precisely have you got? It didn't require a great brain to break into my little cottage.

INTRUDER: When you know why I've broken into your little cottage you'll be surprised, and it won't be a pleasant surprise.

GERRARD: With you figuring so largely in it, that is understandable. By the way, what particular line of crime do you embrace, or aren't you a specialist?

INTRUDER: My speciality's jewel robbery. Your car will do me a treat. It's certainly a dandy bus.[1]

GERRARD: I'm afraid jewels are few and far between in the wilds of Essex.

INTRUDER: So are the cops.[2] I can retire here nicely for a little while.

GERRARD: You mean to live with me? A trifle sudden, isn't it; you've not been invited.

INTRUDER: You won't be here long, so I didn't trouble to ask.

GERRARD: What do you mean?

INTRUDER: This is your big surprise. I'm going to kill you.

GERRARD: A little harsh, isn't it?

[1] dandy bus=good-looking car (*slang.*)
[2] cops=policemen (*slang.*)

INTRUDER (*with heavy sarcasm*): Yeah.[1] I'll be sorry to do it. I've kinda[2] taken a fancy to you, but it's just got to be done.

GERRARD: Why add murder to your other crimes? It's a grave step you're taking.

INTRUDER: I'm not taking it for fun. I've been hunted long enough. I'm wanted for murder already, and they can't hang me twice.

GERRARD: You're planning a gratuitous double, so to speak. Admitted-you've nothing to lose, but what have you to gain?

INTRUDER: I've got freedom to gain. As myself I'm a poor hunted rat. As Vincent Charles Gerrard I'm free to go places and do things. I can eat well and sleep well without having to be ready to beat it[3] at the sight of a cop.

GERRARD: In most melodramas the villain is foolish enough to delay his killing long enough to be frustrated. You are much luckier.

INTRUDER: I'm O.K.[4] I've got a reason for everything. I'm going to be Vincent Charles Gerrard, see. I've got to know what he talks like. Now I know. That posh[5] stuff comes easy. This is Mr V. C. Gerrard speaking. (*Pantomime of 'phoning, in imitation cultured voice.*) And that's not all. (*He stands up*). Get up a minute. (GERRARD *stands.*) Now take a look at me.

GERRARD: You're not particularly decorative.

INTRUDER: No? Well, that goes for you, too. I've only got to wear specs.[6] and I'll be enough like you to get away with it.

GERRARD: What about your clothes? They'll let you down[7] if you're not careful.

[1] Yeah=yes (*American slang*).
[2] kinda=kind of (*American slang*).
[3] beat it=run away (*slang*).
[4] O.K.=all right (*slang*).
[5] posh=high-class (*slang*).
[6] specs.=spectacles, glasses.
[7] let you down=not do what is hoped for (*colloquial*).

INTRUDER: That'll be all right. Yours will fit me fine.

GERRARD: This is extremely interesting, but you seem to miss the point of my remark. I said you were luckier than most melodramatic villains. It was not a tribute to your intelligence. You won't kill me for a very good reason.

INTRUDER: So that's what you think.

GERRARD: You'll let me go, and thank God you didn't shoot sooner.

INTRUDER: Come on. What's on your mind? Better be quick. This conversation bores me.

GERRARD: Your idea is to elude the police by killing me and taking on my identity?

INTRUDER: Yes, I like the idea.

GERRARD: But are you sure it's going to help you?

INTRUDER: Now listen here. I've got this all planned. I did a job in town. Things went wrong and I plugged[1] a cop. Since then I've done nothing but dodge.

GERRARD: And this is where dodging has brought you?

INTRUDER: It brought me to Aylesbury. That where I saw you—in the car. Two other people saw you and started to talk. I listened. It looks like you're a bit queer. Kind of a mystery man.

GERRARD: A mystery which I propose to explain.

INTRUDER (*disregarding him*): You 'phone your orders and sometimes you go away suddenly, and come back just the same. Those are just the things I want to do. Hearing about you was one one of my luckiest breaks.[2]

GERRARD: Apparently you haven't the intelligence to ask why I am invested in this cloak of mystery.

INTRUDER (*preparing to shoot*): As I said before, this conversation bores me.

GERRARD: Don't be a fool. If you shoot you'll hang for sure. If not as yourself, then as Vincent Charles Gerrard.

[1] plugged=shot (*slang*). [2] breaks=strokes of luck.

INTRUDER: What *is* this?

GERRARD: This is *your* big surprise. I said you wouldn't kill me and I was right. Why do you think I am here to-day and gone to-morrow, never see tradespeople? You say my habits would suit you. You are a crook.[1] Do you think I am a Sunday-school teacher?

INTRUDER: You may be a liar.

GERRARD: Listen. The game's up as far as I'm concerned. Things went wrong with me. I said it with bullets and got away. Unfortunately they got one of my men, and found things the fool should have burnt. To-night I'm expecting trouble. My bag's packed ready to clear off. There it is.

INTRUDER: It's a bag all right, and this is a gun all right. What's all this?

GERRARD: That's a disguise outfit; false moustaches and what-not. Now do you believe me?

INTRUDER (*musingly*): I don't know.

GERRARD: For God's sake clear that muddled head of yours and let's go. Come with me in the car; I can use you. If you find it's a fake[2] you've got me in the car, and you've still got your gun.

INTRUDER: Maybe you're right.

GERRARD: Then don't waste time. (*Goes and picks up hat and bag.*)

INTRUDER: Careful, boss, I'm watching you.

GERRARD: I've got a man posted on the main road. He'll ring up if he sees the police, but I don't want to leave it as late as that. (*Telephone bell rings.*) Come on! They're after us. Through here straight to the garage.

INTRUDER: How do I know that?

GERRARD: Oh, don't be a fool. Look for yourself. GERRARD *opens door and steps away.* INTRUDER *leans forward to inspect it, with his side towards* GERRARD, *but*

[1] crook=dishonest person, law-breaker (*American slang*).
[2] fake=false story, imitation.

with his revolver ready. As he turns his head, GERRARD *gives him a push into the cupboard, knocking the revolver out of his hand. He slams the door and locks it, picks up the revolver, and goes to the 'phone, where he stands with the gun pointed at the cupboard door.* INTRUDER *rattles door and shouts,* "*Let me out of here* !"). Hallo, Yes, speaking. Sorry I can't let you have the props[1] in time for rehearsal. I've had a spot of[2] bother—quite amusing.. I think I'll put it in my next play. Listen, can you tell our friend the Sergeant to come up here at once. You'll probably find him in the Public Bar. . . .

CURTAIN

EXERCISES

I. Use each of these words in a sentence :

1. cultured
2. original
3. nonchalant
4. sympathetic
5. emphasis
6. specialist
7. frustrate
8. elude
9. dodge
10. disguise

II. Explain :

1. up-stage
2. flashily dressed
3. wise guy
4. cops
5. yeah
6. beat it
7. O.K.
8. let you down
9. plugged
10. crook

III. Change these direct questions into indirect ones, the first part of which is given you on the right, *e.g.* :

Do you live here alone? Tell me if you live here alone.

1. What do you think? Tell me . . .
2. What are your Christian names? I want to know . . .
3. Do you run a car? I wonder . . .

[1] props=abbreviation for "stage properties," *i.e.*, things needed for the production of a play.

[2] a spot of=a little (*slang*).

4. Are you American or is that merely a clever imitation?	I wonder . . .
5. Do people often come out here?	The burglar asked . . .
6. Won't you say something about yourself?	The burglar inquired . . .
7. And where have you got?	I want to know . . .
8. Do you mean to live with me?	Gerrard wanted to know . . .
9. What do you mean?	Gerrard asked him . . .
10. That's a little harsh, isn't it?	Gerrard inquired . . .
11. Why add murder to your other crimes?	I should like to know . . .
12. What's on your mind?	The burglar wondered . . .
13. Is your idea to elude the police by killing me and taking on my identity?	Gerrard asked . . .
14. Why do you think I never see tradespeople?	Gerrard asked . . .
15. Now do you believe me?	Gerrard inquired . . .

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story as Gerrard might tell it to the police sergeant when he arrived.

II. Imagine you had been in Gerrard's place when the intruder entered. How would you have dealt with him? Give your version either in narrative or in dialogue.

FRIDAY MORNING

A RADIO DRAMA by VAL GIELGUD

Val Gielgud, brother of the great actor Sir John Gielgud, was Production Director of the B.B.C. He has written and produced a great number of plays for radio and is author of a book,

How to Write Broadcast Plays. The play that follows was written thirty years or so ago when flying was much more unusual than it is to-day. But if the lapse of time has changed our outlook on flying, it has hardly lessened at all the dramatic impact of *Friday Morning.*

Dramatis Personæ

BASIL, *a young man.*
SHIRLEY, *a young girl.*
MR ANDREW MCLAURIN, *a commercial traveller.*
MISS HANNAH K. SEWARD, *an American.*
MISS JANET SEWARD, *her aunt.*
SIR EDWARD HARWOOD, *an important business man.*
MR HENRY CHAPMAN, MRS HENRY CHAPMAN } *of "The Briars," Woking.*
Also a Scotsman, Page-boy, a Steward, a Stenographer, a Neighbour, an Announcer, an Editor, two English Tourists.

TIME—*The Present*

[*Fade in gradually dance music and chatter; background of a reasonably expensive restaurant.*]

BASIL and SHIRLEY

SHIRLEY: I love this tune.
BASIL : So do I.
SHIRLEY: You always say that.
BASIL: It always happens to be true—when you're my partner.
SHIRLEY: I wish I could believe that.
BASIL : Don't you?
SHIRLEY: Yes.
These sentences should be spaced as of people talking to each other while dancing. Music stops abruptly. Increase chatter slightly, but the band does not resume.]
SHIRLEY: Oh, I wish they'd go on!

BASIL: It's midnight, my dear. This is where they bring on the Tziganes.

SHIRLEY: Yes, so they do. I was forgetting.

[*Chatter dies down. Sudden burst of clapping. A few preliminary flourishes by the cymbalist, and then bring up some faintly melancholy Tzigane tune. Fade to background.*]

BASIL: Shirley.
SHIRLEY: Well?
BASIL: I've got a surprise for you.
SHIRLEY: Well?
BASIL (*ironically*): Ten for enthusiasm! You are coming on Friday, aren't you?
SHIRLEY : Am I?
BASIL: I think you are, somehow.
SHIRLEY: You're sure you want me to? No nonsense?
BASIL: Yes.
SHIRLEY : There's only one thing.
BASIL: What? Your mother?
SHIRLEY: I know I don't get on with mother, darling, but she's a person, not a thing, all the same. No. But I don't think that being sea-sick is a good start for an elopement, do you?
BASIL: That's just it—you won't be!
SHIRLEY: What do you mean?
BASIL: You won't have the chance. We're going to fly!
SHIRLEY: Basil ! Not really? What fun! Do you mean to say we're really going to——?
BASIL: Here are two perfectly good tickets. We will meet at the airport at half-past eight, and we will arrive in Paris at half-past eleven. You will not be sea-sick, and I shall have had a new experience. Do you mind?
SHIRLEY: I think it's a marvellous idea.

[*Bring up Tziganes. Fade out. Short silence. Fade in the same dance tune being played on a very indifferent gramophone. Appropriate background noises of an Edinburgh bar.*]

MCLAURIN

MCLAURIN: Well, Sandy, my boy! Fancy meeting you! What's yours?[1]

SANDY: And what are you celebrating, Andrew?

MCLAURIN: Celebrating! The very word! I'm off to Paris on Friday.

SANDY: Paris? You're a lucky man. I wish I was going with you. Mine's the usual.

MCLAURIN: Two doubles and splash,[2] please, miss. There's only one thing against Paris, Sandy.

SANDY: And what's that?

MCLAURIN: They've no proper appreciation of whisky.

SANDY: Flying again?

MCLAURIN: Ay. I certainly am flying.

SANDY: When do you go?

MCLAURIN: I take the half-past eight 'plane from London on Friday morning.

SANDY: I suppose I can't sell you a parachute, Andy?

HANNAH and JANET

[*Bring up background and fade out. Short silence. Fade in faint background, and over to the voice of a page-boy: "Miss Seward! Miss Seward! Miss Seward!" Fade down.*]

JANET: Well, Hannah, this surely is the most vexatious thing.

HANNAH: Why, what is it, Aunt Janet?

JANET: I've just had this cable from your uncle in Paris. He wants to catch the half-past two train to the Riviera on Friday. We shall have to cross to-morrow, and I counted on being able to lunch at Grosvenor House. If we go as we planned on Friday morning we shall be too late.

[*Short pause.*]

[1] What's yours? = What will you drink?

[2] Two doubles and splash = two double whiskies and a little soda-water.

HANNAH: Auntie, I've a notion. It's a great idea Let's fly instead!
JANET: Child, you must be crazy. What would your dear mother say?
HANNAH: Well, she won't know. Let's do it that way. I've always been crazy to fly.
JANET: Well, you'll get your own way, I guess. But if you tell your mother, I'll never forgive you.
HANNAH: I'll go and fix[1] it before you change your mind.

HARWOOD

[*Fade down background and out. Short pause. Telephone bell.*]
HARWOOD: Hullo . . . yes, Sir Edward Harwood speaking. Oh, you, Mackintosh—well? . . . What's that? . . . Oh, confound it! Is it absolutely necessary? . . . No, but really it is most awfully tiresome.[2] Harry's asked me down to shoot over the week-end. No, I can't possibly cross to-morrow. . . . Oh, have it your own way. I'll go. Where am I to meet Havelock? . . . Oh, he's staying at the Ritz. All right, I'll catch the early 'plane on Friday morning. . . . Yes, that'll do. . . . I'll see him at lunch . . . be at his disposal all the afternoon, if necessary, and fly back on Saturday morning . . . only another time I wish you wouldn't leave things quite so much until the last moment. . . . Get me a seat on the early 'plane, will you, and send the ticket round to me by a messenger-boy. Thanks. Good-bye.

[*Rings off. Short pause. Fade in the voice of an Announcer reading the weather forecast.*]

THE CHAPMANS

ANNOUNCER: A depression is approaching the Southern and Western coasts from the Atlantic. Stormy weather

[1] fix=arrange.
[2] tiresome=annoying.

is to be anticipated in the English Channel, North Sea, and St George's Channel. Further outlook unsettled.

HENRY CHAPMAN: You don't want the dance music, do you, Mrs Galleway?

[*Click as the set is turned off.*]

MRS GALLEWAY: No, Mr Chapman, frivolous music never did appeal to me. I like something more solemn, like Mr Ketelby's "In a Monastery Garden"—don't you, Mrs Chapman?

MRS CHAPMAN: Yes, he's my favourite. Isn't that forecast too bad, Henry? The first time we've ever gone abroad, and stormy weather in the Channel. It told you we oughtn't to go out of England for a holiday.

MR CHAPMAN: Nonsense, my dear! Travel broadens the mind. We are quite old enough to have our minds broadened by now. Why, Ada, I'm fifty-three, you're forty-seven, and we've never been farther than Herne Bay.

MRS. GALLEWAY: Well, that's far enough, if you think of the train service.

MRS CHAPMAN: I know I shall be sick.

MR CHAPMAN: Really, my dear, before Mrs Galleway! I'm surprised at you.

MRS CHAPMAN: No, dear. I meant on the boat.

MR CHAPMAN: Well, it's too late now. We've got our tickets.

MRS CHAPMAN: Henry!

MR CHAPMAN: What is it, Ada?

MRS CHAPMAN: Henry! I've forgotten to get the tickets!

MR CHAPMAN: Well, really, Ada, I thought I could leave something to you. Here I've changed thirty pounds into francs and got us a room in a really nice hotel, making sure that they speak English there, and you forget——

MRS GALLEWAY: I think I must be going, Mrs Chapman. I hope you have a nice holiday.

MRS CHAPMAN: Oh, I don't suppose we'll go now, as I did forget the tickets. Perhaps it's a mercy.

MRS GALLEWAY: It does seem a pity. My Ted knows a Mr McLaurin—a Scotch gentleman—travels in woollen goods—he goes over to Paris three and four times a year. A dreadfully bad sailor. Used to be downright ill. Now he always flies across. He tells Ted it's wonderful. Just like sitting in an armchair all the way, and no trouble with customs or anything.

MR CHAPMAN: That's a great idea, Mrs G! Ada, we'll fly!

MRS CHAPMAN: I couldn't!

MR CHAPMAN: Ada, we're going to fly! We may as well go the whole hog[1] while we're about it. We made up our minds to enjoy ourselves on this holiday, to do something we've never done before, to be original and daring.

MRS CHAPMAN: But, Henry——

MR CHAPMAN: No, Ada—I won't hear another word. I shall go into International Air Transport on my way to the office to-morrow morning. I'm very grateful to you, Mrs Galleway. I should never have thought of it myself. And, Ada, I think you had better wear your woollen——

MRS CHAPMAN: Henry!

* * *

FRIDAY MORNING

[*Clock strikes eight.*]

BASIL: Well, Shirley?

SHIRLEY: Well, Basil darling?

BASIL: Feeling nervous?

SHIRLEY: Not a bit.

BASIL: You're looking rather pink! Pretty, I admit, but pink!

go the whole hog=do the thing thoroughly (*colloquial*).

SHIRLEY: I happen to be rather excited. I don't elope every day of my life.

BASIL: You surprise me!

SHIRLEY: I wish it wasn't such a beastly morning.

BASIL: Yes, but I expect we shall be above all that. When we're flying in glorious sunshine under a blue sky we shall be able to think of that odious[1] squash up the gangway to the boat, and the even more odious squash down the gangway from the boat, and those quite revolting French customs. In short, my child, I think we've chosen the better part.

SHIRLEY: I expect so. (*Short pause.*) I wish we'd start, all the same.

BASIL: They'll tell us to go over in a minute now. We were due to go off at eight. It looks pretty nice and solid, doesn't it?

SHIRLEY: Quite nice, but rather too solid. I can never quite understand why they stay up at all.

BASIL: I don't want to stay up, darling. I'm looking forward to coming down—in Paris!

SHIRLEY: Well, I wish they'd start.

BASIL: So do I. Bit reminiscent of a dentist, don't you think?

SHIRLEY (*laughingly*): With our Scottish friend to supply the gas! I wonder how many drinks he had in his bedroom. Thank heaven, he's taken his filthy cigarettes outside! They are a rum[2] lot, aren't they?

BASIL: We can't all be quite as charming as you, darling! And now sit up and look, pretty. Here comes our strong silent man.

HARWOOD: I beg your pardon—I see you've got a morning paper.

BASIL: Yes.

HARWOOD: Very stupidly, I forgot to get one at my hotel. Might I borrow it for a minute or two?

[1] squash = crush.

[2] rum = peculiar (*slang*).

BASIL: Of course. I don't expect I shall want to read it.
HARWOOD: Very kind of you. It's only—there are some shares I'm interested in.
BASIL: Delighted. (*Short pause.*) Isn't he grand? Might have walked out of a film. Can't you see the dictaphone and the telephone in the background?
SHIRLEY: And the gramophone, darling? Don't try to be too clever! (*Short pause.*) Oh, I wish they'd start!
BASIL (*seriously*): You aren't getting rattled[1]?
SHIRLEY (*tersely*): Don't be an ass. And if I was, I'd only have to look at The Briars, Woking. Solid and stuffy as railway carriage cushions!
BASIL: Personally, I think they're charming.

[*Clock strikes quarter.*]

MR CHAPMAN: Quite comfortable, Ada?
MRS CHAPMAN: I'm enjoying myself, Henry.
MR CHAPMAN: I said you would. I feel my mind's being broadened every minute. Nice people, these are. Very different from the second class, even when it's first class on the boat. That's a pretty girl in the corner, Ada. Looks nice, too.
MRS CHAPMAN: You're not in Paris yet, Henry. Yes, he looks a nice young man.
MR CHAPMAN: I wonder if they're married. They don't look it, somehow.
MRS CHAPMAN: Don't let your imagination run away with you, Henry. It isn't good for the liver. Remember what happened when you saw that Douglas Fairbanks film.
MR CHAPMAN: Well, perhaps I was a little old to begin running round the garden before breakfast.
MRS CHAPMAN: In a pair of shorts, too. Yes, Henry, it's lucky I'm with you. You want someone to look after you.
MCLAURIN (*distant*): All I can say is that I wish they'd

[1] rattled = nervous (*slang*).

start punctually. I shall be very displeased if I'm late in arriving in Paris. I'm a punctual man. I've been married twenty-five years, and my wife likes me to be punctual. She makes an awful song if I'm not punctual for my meals.

HANNAH: I guess we're going to hear that more than once before we make Le Bourget. That girl is cute[1], don't you think so, Auntie?

JANET: I like her hat, but I guess[2] it's the young men in England who appeal to me.

HANNAH: Auntie, I'm surprised at you!

JANET: Are you, now? You can't be half as surprised as I'm surprised at myself. Flying, indeed. I guess we're both crazy, Hannah. And look at the rain. Well, I wish they'd start.

VOICE (*distant*): Well, ladies and gentlemen, if you're all ready, will you come over? The 'plane is waiting.

[*Clock strikes the half-hour. Fade in sound of aeroplane engine ticking over. Fade down noise of engine.*]

STEWARD: Take yours seats, please, ladies and gentlemen.

MRS CHAPMAN: Oh, Steward—er—"Steward" is right, or should it be "officer"?

STEWARD: " Steward " is quite right, madam.

MRS CHAPMAN: Then would you suggest forward or back? I'm a little liable to—er——

STEWARD: I think you'll find this quite comfortable, madam.

MRS CHAPMAN: Thank you. Yes, beautifully padded. Henry, I declare I'm enjoying myself. But would you ask him where—if I feel a little——

MR CHAPMAN: Yes, Ada, Steward. What arrangement is there—I mean, my wife here is liable to sea-sickness——

MCLAURIN (*heartily*): You won't be sick, mother! Trust me. I know. My wife would never let me travel if she

[1] cute = clever and pleasing (*American slang*).
[2] guess = think (*American slang*).

thought I might be sick. But just look under the seat, man. You'll find a paper bag there for your wife if she wants it—and I've a wee[1] drop of whisky handy——

MRS CHAPMAN (*primly*): Thank you very much. But we never touch spirits.

MCLAURIN: I don't believe it!

[*Pause.*]

MRS CHAPMAN: I only wish, Henry, it was a *British* machine. I don't feel, somehow, that foreigners can be as careful as we are.

MR CHAPMAN: The steward's English, anyway, my dear.

HARWOOD: Here's your paper, sir. I'm most grateful.

BASIL: Please keep it. I don't think I'll want it, shall I, Shireley?

SHIRLEY (*laughing*): Not unless you can read a paper with one hand, darling!

BASIL: You see, sir? Shameless modern young women are, aren't they?

HARWOOD: But extremely attractive. My name's Harwood. Perhaps you'd both give me the pleasure of lunching with me in Paris?

BASIL: Love to, sir. Awfully good of you. I'm Basil Gordon. And this is my—er—wife.

HARWOOD: Nice of you to put up with a stranger. Till Le Bourget, then. I think I'll sit forward.

BASIL: Of course. I thought I knew his face Sir Edward Harwood, one of the big steel men. I say, that's a bit of luck! He might be more than useful to know.

SHIRLEY: In fact, you've sacrificed your paper in a good cause.

BASIL: Not unless you hold my hand all the way.

SHIRLEY: I shall! I warned you.

BASIL: Right!

[*They laugh. Slight increase in noise of engine.*]

[1] wee=little (*Scottish*).

HANNAH : Say, Auntie, are you all right?

JANET: I feel fine, thank you, Hannah. I couldn't have believed I could be as comfortable in an aeroplane as in an armchair. There isn't even too much noise.

MCLAURIN: That's the advantage of these up-to-date machines. I mind well the first time I crossed. Couldn't hear yourself think—let alone speak.

HANNAH: I guess that must have been a big thriil, Mr—er——

MCLAURIN: McLaurin's my name—Andy McLaurin. I've a little drop of something here, in case you feel the need of it. (*Fade up sound of engine suddenly.*) We're off, ladies !

JANET and HANNAH (*together*): Is that so?

MCLAURIN: Ay, it is that.

SHIRLEY: Basil, hold my hand.

BASIL: Right-o, darling. I don't mind if I do, to be quite honest.

SHIRLEY: Are *you* feeling nervous, now?

BASIL: The whole thing seems much too solid, and perhaps it's being shut in like this, but I don't see why we should keep up in the air at all. It doesn't seem natural to me. By Jove! We're up to 500 already. Rather fun having an altimeter inside the cabin. You can see what we're up to, any way.

SHIRLEY: Or down to!

BASIL: Look at that train.

SHIRLEY: Just like a toy.

BASIL : It reminds me of a clockwork train I used to run with my tin soldiers all over the nursery floor.

SHIRLEY (*affectionately*) : Idiot!

BASIL : I suppose they don't give children toy soldiers any more now that militarism has stopped being fashionable.

SHIRLEY: Are you pretending that you're detached enough to start a conversation on general subjects? It

doesn't go while you're holding my fingers with such a very sticky hand.

BASIL : You're too observant, darling. I wish the beastly thing wouldn't behave every other minute like a lift starting to go down. My stomach always feels as if it wanted to stay behind.

SHIRLEY: Isn't that what they call bumping?

MCLAURIN (*loudly*): There's no cause for alarm in that. I tell you I've flown thousands of miles by this time, and bumping's just a part of it. I always say to my wife it's one of the best parts of it. It keeps the liver active.

SHIRLEY (*whispering*): I wish he'd gone and sat forward instead of Sir Edward.

BASIL : Yes. The back of his head's as good as a tonic. Sits there reading his paper as if he was in the Carlton Club.

SHIRLEY: Well, I suppose it's silly to be excited. After all, three or four of these things go to Paris and back every day, don't they. It's really only like going in a bus or a train, except that we haven't done it before.

BASIL: You're right. Eight hundred. I wonder why we aren't up any higher. I always thought these big machines were supposed to fly at about the 2,000 mark.

SHIRLEY: Oh! Why?

BASIL: Well, in case anything goes wrong over the Channel. Then they have enough height to be able to glide down one side of it or the other, whatever happens. I expect it's those low rain clouds.

[*Pause. Background of engine continues.*]

SHIRLEY : You know, it's really rather fun. All those tennis-courts look like pocket-handkerchiefs, and the houses as if they had come out of a box of toy bricks!

BASIL: I'm beginning to realise what a bird's-eye view means. There's something pretty funny about a bird's-eye view of a cow!

MR CHAPMAN: Well, Ada?

MRS CHAPMAN: Well, Henry, I must say, so far I'm a little disapppinted. It seems a trifle monotonous to me, somehow. I don't think it's a patch on[1] the Giant Racer at Wembley.

SHIRLEY: Basil, look. There's the South Downs.

BASIL: So they are. I wish we'd go up a bit all the same. We're still under a thousand.

SHIRLEY: I'm beginning to think you're rather a fusser.

BASIL: Oh, *are* you? I'm beginning to wish I hadn't given Sir Edward my paper. I should like at this moment to retire behind it with dignity and a resounding crackle.

SHIRLEY: If you want to put your face into retirement, there's always your paper bag.

BASIL: That, darling, is coarse.

MRS CHAPMAN: Henry, I declare in a few minutes I think I shall be asleep. I must say I expected rather more than this for my money.

MR CHAPMAN: I'll take you to the theatre in Paris, Ada.

MRS CHAPMAN: You'll do nothing of the sort, Henry.

MR CHAPMAN: Then I shall go alone.

MRS CHAPMAN (*scared*): Henry! I think perhaps you'd better give me my paper bag.

MR CHAPMAN: You're not feeling—er—peculiar?

MRS CHAPMAN: Not at all. I wanted to tak your mind off a doubtful subject.

[*Pause. Sound of engine diminishes slightly.*]

BASIL: The odd thing about it is it all seems so frightfully slow. We don't seem to be going any pace at all, though we must be nearly over the Kent border. I thought somehow it would be frightfully fast, like an express train, only more so. (*Slight* pause.) Shirley, what is it? You're fairly digging into my arm. Shirley!

SHIRLEY (*whispering*): Look!

[1] a patch on = nearly as good as.

BASIL: What?
SHIRLEY: Can't you see? That propeller isn't going round!
BASIL: Nor it is. (*Pause.*) It's all right, darling. A machine this size has four engines. Don't you remember, we saw the four propellers at the airport? He's probably cut this one out on purpose, because of the wind, or something. They can get along easily on two.
SHIRLEY: Of course. How silly of me! Just for a second I thought there was something really wrong.
BASIL: Who's fussing now, darling?
SHIRLEY: Yes—that's fair. But it's only because I'm so desperately anxious to get to Paris with you.
BASIL (*whispering*): Sweetheart, I know. (*Pause.*) By Jove, we're down to 750. I suppose there isn't——

[*Door opens and slams. Three or four quick footsteps and another door opens and slams.*]

BASIL: What the deuce——
JANET: Say, Hannah, what's the white-coated boy doing through there?
MCLAURIN: He's gone to have a word with the pilot. He'll be taking him a drink.
JANET: Well, I'm all for light wines and beer, but I guess I don't hold with pilots drinking on duty.
SHIRLEY: Basil, something *is* up. His face looked like dirty blotting-paper.
BASIL: Are you being literary, darling?
SHIRLEY: If you must know—I'm frightened.
BASIL: Seven hundred. Curse it! I wish I knew. One feels so fantastically helpless if there is anything wrong.

]*Door opens and slams.*]

STEWARD: Ladies and gentlemen, we're going back to London.

[*Footsteps. Door slams. Pause.*]

JANET: Well!

MRS CHAPMAN: Henry, this is really too bad.
MR CHAPMAN: Don't worry, dear.
MCLAURIN: This is very vexatious. I shall be late for my lunch. I think I told you my wife's not pleased when I'm not punctual for my meals.
HARWOOD (*to himself*): Confounded incompetence!
SHIRLEY: Basil, we shall never get back. I know there's something wrong. I'm so frightened.
BASIL: I wish he'd make a landing and have done with it. But it's all right, darling. don't worry. I know it will be quite all right.

[*Noise of engine right out.*]

SHIRLEY: I can't bear it; I feel awful.

BASIL: I swear it's going to be all right. Hang on to me, darling. I know it will be all right. (*To himself. Change of voice perspective.*) Why the devil do I keep on saying that? I don't believe it. We're going to smash. I don't think we're going to be killed, but we shall be horribly hurt. Five hundred. I wish it would hurry up and get it over. It's interminable—and one can't do anything except sit and wait for it. What happens in a railway accident? People get their legs and thighs broken. Perhaps if I sit sideways and get my legs clear of the seats in front, and jump for the floor as we hit and pull Shirley with me . . . so long as one of us isn't killed. Perhaps if I get my hands over her face. . . . Of all the infernal luck . . . before we'd even begun. By Jove, that propeller's gone completely —stripped to matchwood. . . . I knew the wretched machine was too big. What fools we were. . . . . I wish I wasn't such a coward. . . . I wish I didn't mind being hurt . . . 200 . . . There are fields below, at any rate. I suppose we've got a sporting chance. Oh, Shirley, darling . . . it's taking so long. . . . I wonder if everyone else is feeling like this?

HARDWOOD (*to himself*): This looks pretty grim. Curse Mackintosh. Why didn't I tell him to go to blazes? I'm afraid we're for it. That's the worst of two years in the Air Force—you know too much about it. I suppose the propeller hit some miserable bird. Two have gone, at least. Lucky we weren't flying any higher, or the 'plane would have shaken itself to bits. If the pilot keeps his head we may just do it. I hope to heaven no one panics. Don't quite trust those Americans. I'd like to kick that fool of a steward. I'm sorry for that nice young couple I asked to lunch. On their honeymoon, I expect . . . she's pretty and he's civil . . . not too common nowadays amongst the young. Harry'll be furious if I'm killed—and there's a gap in his shooting-party. I should think he'd write my epitaph: "Here lies Edward Hardwood, who always let business interfere with pleasure" . . . By George, we're dropping on a downward slope . . . if he can pull us over that hedge. . . . . I wouldn't care to be in his shoes[1] . . . great heavy 'plane like this . . . and new at that . . . .

MR CHAPMAN (*to himself*): This is really extremely alarming. I don't quite know what I ought to do. Ada looks quite unmoved . . . but perhaps she doesn't realise. . . . I must try not to let her notice anything . . . That young man looks very white. . . . . I hope I don't look white. . . . . I must remember I'm an Englishman. . . . It seems a pity there's nothing I can do. . . . I wish I had been smoking my pipe. . . . I don't believe I'm insured against a flying accident. It's most awkward. It may make things very difficult for my poor nephew Archibald. It's just as well we never had any children. . . . I only hope it will be painless. . . . So long as Ada isn't frightened—I don't think I could bear to see her frightened. . . . I've never seen her frightened in

[1] in his shoes=in his position.

thirty-three years. . . . It's long time . . . but, perhaps it's not as bad as I think it is . . . after all, I'm not seeing my past life floating before me like that poor young man who was drowning in that play on the wireless. . . . I don't believe I ever turned the wireless off before I left "The Briars." . . . That really is exasperating . . . and we shall be in the papers, and that's really not at all the thing for a respectable middle-aged couple. . . . I wish it would hurry up and get it over. . . . I used to feel like this before going in to bat . . . most disturbing . . . as if one hadn't any stomach. . . . hope Ada doesn't notice . . .

MRS CHAPMAN (*to herself*) : Henry's very courageous. I feel convinced that it's something serious. It's my fault. I should never have consented to such a rash experiment. If Henry sees I'm nervous, he'll go all to pieces.[1] He can't bear anything in the nature of a scene. I hope everyone will behave properly. That young woman's hanging on to her young man rather hysterically. . . . . I don't think I can bear it if she screams. The sensation isn't really unpleasant. . . . I'm so sorry for Henry . . . it must be so bad for him. . . . . I must just make my mind a blank. . . .

MCLAURIN (*to himself*): I wish I'd had one more drop of whisky in my bedroom. I thought I put my flask in my hip-pocket . . . it must be in my overcoat, and I daren't stand up to get it out. . . . I wish my wife was with me—I'd like fine to hold her hand. . . . I'd like to say a prayer, but I can't remember the words . . .

HANNAH (*to herself*): This is too bad. And I was so looking forward to seeing Paris. I don't so much mind if I'm killed clean, but it'll be pretty raw[2] if I have to hobble around on a wooden leg like Sadie Winkworth. Gee—I wish we'd stuck to the boat. . . .

[1] go all to pieces = lose his nerve.
[2] raw = unfortunate (*American slang*).

JANET (*to herself*): I reckon this'll about kill my poor sister, if anything happens to Hannah.

SHIRLEY (*to herself*): I can't bear it. If only I could scream or run or do something violent. Basil's looking awful. . . . I hope I don't look like that . . . we're so young . . . if only we'd had a week together first . . . it's so silly, so cruel, and I'm so frightened. But it can't really be going to happen, we can't be going to die. We're much too young to die.

[*Pause. Revert to natural voice perspective.*]

BASIL (*loudly*): Under 100! We're for it! Hold tight, darling!

HARWOOD (*shouting*): For God's sake all of you—sit still!

[*Burst of sound from the engine. Splintering noise, and then silence.*]

(*Telephone buzzer.*) VOICE (*loud and irritable*): Hallo . . . yes, News Editor of the *Evening Sun* speaking. What is it? . . . What . . . Aeroplane in forced landing . . . well? . . . Oh, the "Charybdis"? That big new International Air Transport machine? That's better. Just a minute, please. Miss James, here—quick. Take this down, and put it into paragraph shape. All right, sir, go ahead . . . Where are you speaking from? Tonbridge? Oh, I see. . . . Were you on the 'plane? . . . No? . . . Oh, that's a pity. Still, you saw it coming down. . . . Well, how many killed? . . . *No* killed? . . . Well, any celebrities on board? . . . What do I mean by celebrities? Well, film star, jockey, boxer, chorus girl, divorced female member of the aristocracy—there couldn't have been a journalist peer, or I'd have heard about it already—Cabinet Minister, perhaps, at a pinch.[1] What, none? . . . . Well, how many hurt? . . . Only shaken? . . . I don't think there's much in this. . . .

[1] at a pinch= if there's nothing better.

Any young girls on board? . . . Oh, two—that's better. . . . . One an American? hat's better still. . . . Could you get her to tl telephone? Well, if you can, ring me up as soon as you can. . . . Thanks very much. Good-bye. Got that, Miss James?

MISS JAMES: How will this do? "The new air liner 'Charybdis,' of the International Air Transport Company, made a forced landing to-day near Tonbridge, in Kent. Very fortunately no casualties were incurred owing to the brilliant handling of the machine by the pilot"—I'll get his name from the Company, Mr Marriott. " There were X passengers on board"—I can get the number from the Company, too—"All of them showed the greatest coolness and courage in the face of a most alarming experience. Two of the passengers were young girls, whose demeanour was the admiration of their companions. An account of the actual sensations of one of them, an American young lady on her way to Paris"—I'll get her name from the Company, Mr Marriott—"appears in another column." Is it a top-liner[1]?

MARRIOTT: No, Miss James, You ought to know by this time that nothing's a top-liner without a death or a celebrity. But get on to the Company right away and get those details. (*Buzz of telephone.*) Halloo? . . . Another telegram from the war front? . . . How many casualties? . . . Several thousand . . . Miss James—cut out that aeroplane. This is some real stuff. And send me Mr Jonas at once. We must clear the front page.

[*Fade out. Silence. Fade in unmistakable station noises.*]

BASIL: Well, we've got to France, anyway, darling.

SHIRLEY: Yes, I suppose we have.

BASIL: It was decen of the Air Transport people to

[1] top-liner = to go in the headlines of the paper.

send us to Folkestone in the car. But what a foul crossing!

SHIRLEY: Perfectly foul.

BASIL: I thought every roll was going to roll us to the bottom of the Channel. That's what comes of coming down in aeroplanes.

SHIRLEY: Don't talk about it.

BASIL: Sorry. I say, there's a chap with English papers. I must get one.

[*Up-station noises for a moment and down.*]

SHIRLEY: Well?

BASIL: Yes, the *Mercury's* got it—picture of the machine and everything. Do you feel grand at being "news" at last?

SHIRLEY: Not very. Basil, shut up, if you don't mind. I'm not feeling too good.

BASIL: Darling, I am sorry. Look here, shall I nip[1] out and get you some brandy, or something?

SHIRLEY: No. It's quite all right. I just don't want to talk. I can't believe I'm sitting in a railway carriage, instead of being——

[*Pause.*]

HEARTY MASCULINE VOICE: In here, Jim. Plenty of room.

JIM: Right you are, George. Heave[2] me that bag. Oh, I'm sorry, sir, did I tread on your foot?

BASIL: You did. So long as you don't tread on the lady's, I don't mind. She isn't feeling too well.

GEORGE: I'm frightfully sorry. Can we do anything? Would you rather we went into another carriage?

JIM: The train's pretty full, I'm afraid.

BASIL: Oh, no, it's quite all right.

SHIRLEY: Quite all right.

BASIL: Perhaps you'd like to see the evening pap r?

[1] nip=go quickly (*slang*). [2] Heave=lift.

JIM: Oh, thank you very much. I say, George, look at this. One of those jolly old air liners down!

GEORGE: Not really? Let's see. Anyone damaged?

JIM: Apparently not. Only shaken, then say.

GEORGE: Blow your aeroplanes! What about tha eplay between West Bromwich Albion and Arsenal[2]?

JIM: Here you are. I say, George. I wonder what it's like to be in an aeroplane crash?

GEORGE: Well, so long as you aren't killed, I should think it must be rather fun.

[SHIRLEY *and* BASIL *laugh, and the train moves slowly out of the station. Long train whistle, dying away. Fade out.*]

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EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences:

1. resume
2. enthusiasm
3. elopement
4. aerodrome
5. crazy
6. tiresome
7. frivolous
8. gangway
9. punctual
10. padded
11. attractive
12. steward
13. thrill
14. tonic
15. monotonous
16. honeymoon
17. epitaph
18. celebrity
19. aristocracy
20. damaged

II. Turn the following from Direct to Indirect Speech:

1. Shirely said, "I know I don't get on with mother, but she's a person, not a thing."
2. She said, "I don't think that being sea-sick is a good start for an elopement."
3. Basil said, "You will not be sea-sick, and I shall have had a new experience."

[2] West Bromwich Albion and Arsenal = two well-known football teams.

4. Harwood said, "Will you give me the pleasure of lunching with me in Paris?"
5. Sandy said, "And what are you celebrating, Andrew?"
6. Harwood said, "Where am I to meet Havelock?"
7. Mrs Chapman said, "I don't suppose we'll go now."
8. Harwood said, "Get me a seat on the early 'plane, and send the ticket round to me by messenger-boy."
9. The steward said, "Take your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen."
10. McLaurin said, "Look under the seat. You'll find a paper bag there for your wife if she wants it."

III. Form nouns from these other parts of speech, and use each noun in a sentence:

1. true	8. silent	15. think
2. believe	9. forgive	16. enjoy
3. fly	10. see	17. grateful
4. arrive	11. necessary	18. excite
5. song	12. sit	19. choose
6. punctual	13. solemn	20. solid
7. sell	14. broad	

IV. Turn these sentences from Active Voice into Passive Voice, *e.g.*:

Active—Harry has asked me to shoot over the week-end.

Passive—I have been asked by Harry to shoot over the week-end

1. I will see him at lunch.
2. We anticipate stormy weather in the English Channel.
3. Travel broadens the mind.

4. I think we have chosen the better part.
5. You've sacrificed your paper in a good cause.
6. I suppose they don't give children toy soldiers any more now.
7. This bumping keeps the liver active.
8. The pilot has cut out this propeller on purpose.
9. The air liner "Charybdis" made a forced landing to-day near Tonbridge.
10. All the passengers showed the greatest coolness and courage in the face of a most alarming experience.

V. Give four English words ending in *—phone* (you have had three in the play, and you would find another at the B.B.C.). Give as many as you can ending in *—graph*, *—scope*. *—gram*, *—meter*.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. A flight by aeroplane.
II. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of air travel as compared with travel by ship, train, and car.
III. What do you think of the play you have just read?
IV. The radio as a rival to the theatre.

FROM THE NOVELISTS

THE BEAR

FROM *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by

CHARLES READE (1814-1884)

(Slightly modernised)

Charles Reade began his authorship by writing plays, and had a fair success with *Masks and Faces*. He then turned to novels and attained great popularity with *Peg Woffington*. He determined now to use his powers as a novelist to bring about social reforms: so in *Hard Cash* he exposes the abuses of lunatic asylums, and in *It's Never Too Late to Mend* the cruelties of prison life. In *The Cloister and the Hearth* he breaks new ground and gives a vivid picture of the later Middle Ages, treating a period of history in the realistic method of the delineators of manners. Though this method tends to make him overload his narrative with historical detail, he can—as in this episode—depict a scene and tell a tale with vividness and power.

One day, in a forest a few miles from Dusseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream and scarcely seeing the road he trod, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder and strung his crossbow with glittering eye. "Hush!" said he in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder. Gerard grasped his axe tight, and shook a little; he heard a rustling in the wood hard by; and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his crossbow went to his shoulder even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string; and after an instant's suspense he roared, "Run forward; guard the road! He is hit! He is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran, a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him. Finding itself

intercepted, it went upon its hind legs with a snarl[1] and, though not half-grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe. The creature staggered; another, and it fell to the earth, with Gerard hacking[2] it.

"Hullo! Stop! You are mad to spoil the meat."

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting. "I mean, I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."[3]

"These chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins; they have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. No, I'll carry the beast: you take my crossbow."

"We will carry it by turns, then," said Gerard, "for it's a heavy load. Poor thing, how its blood drips. Why did we slay it?"

"For supper and the reward the bailie of the next town will give us."

"And for that it must die, when it had only just begun to live; and perhaps it has a mother that will miss it this night, and loves it as ours loves us.

Gerard's attention was then attracted by a sound behind him. It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

"Denys!" he cried. "Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse.

[1] snarl = sound of an angry dog.
[2] hacking = cutting to pieces.
[3] hold my hand = stop myself.

It was tearing[1] along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper "THE CUB[2]!"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it*, DEATH.

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage); she raised her head, big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, he eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them; scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot! screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"S oot, man; shoot! Too late! Tree! Tree!" And he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard doing the same on his side.

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree but for the bear stopping a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found—how, her Creator only knows—that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever l ard, nor dreamed to be in Nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared

[1] tearing = rushing.
[2] cub = young of bear, lion, wolf, etc.

again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him before he could recover from the fall, and would make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned at bay.

"My hour has come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot[1] to steady himself, drew his long knife and clenched his teeth, prepared to strike the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarcely vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blind rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep away!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I don't care!" And in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take that! Take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right: the bear, finding so formidable and

[1] shoot = branch.

noisy a foe behind her, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree, and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore paw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose.[1] He climbed and climbed; and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him shooting upwards at a slight angle: he threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him or found by scent she was wrong; she paused; presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound[2] as iron Instinct taught the creature this: it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang; he glanced down;

[1] hose = stocking.
[2] sound = strong, healthy.

Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the bear snarled and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged; and the next moment the bear was close to Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied.[1] The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung; it stuck its claws deep into the wood; it toppled[2]; its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up till he felt her hot fetid[3] breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass[4] rent the claws out of the bough, then struck the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay, for Gerard had swooned, and, without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

EXERCISES

I. Use each of these words in sentences :

1. rustle	6. stupor	11. snarl
2. intercept	7. scent	12. tongue-tied
3. stagger	8. hoarse	13. bloodshot
4. drip	9. fragments	14. syllable
5. colossal	10. vulnerable	15. dilated

[1] palsied = as if suffering from palsy—a disease which causes shaking of the limbs.
[2] toppled = fell slowly over. [3] fetid = bad-smelling. carcass = body.

II. Replace the infinitive by the correct form of the verb :

1 Gerard was [*to walk*] like one in a dream.

2. When they saw the bear his companion [*to lay*] a hand on his shoulder.

3. The bear [*to find*] itself intercepted [*to go*] on its hind legs.

4. We have [*to kill*] one of God's creatures.

5. Without [*to take*] her eyes off those she was [*to hunt*] she [*to smell*] the cub and [*to find*] that it was dead.

6. The bear was close to Gerard, where he sat, with hair [*to stand*] stiff on end and eyes [*to start*] rom their sockets.

7. The wounded monster was [*to reel*]; it [*to cling*]; it [*to stick*] its claws in the wood.

8. The ponderous carcass [*to rend*] the claws out of the bough, then [*to strike*] the earth with a tremendous thump.

III. You have met the word *cub*, *i.e.*, the young of a bear, lion, or wolf. Can you give the word for the young of (1) a dog, (2) a cat, (3) a cow, (4) a horse, (5) a hen, (6) a sheep, (7) a swan, (8) a goose, (9) a duck, (10) an eagle?

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Imagine that Denys or Gerard is recording the day's adventures in his diary. Write the entry as he would do it.

Write an original short story entitled "An Exciting Adventure."

BARKIS PROPOSES TO PEGGOTTY

From *David Copperfield*, by CHARLES DICKENS

(1812-1870)

The two great novelists of the Victorian age were Thackeray and Dickens. Both were humorists, sentimentalists and social reformers; both excelled in depicting character, Dickens in portraying with humour and pathos the "low" life of his time, Thackeray in portraying with cynicism and satire and irony the aristocracy. No other English novelist has had such vitality, such comic imaginative invention as Dickens in the creating of character. It has often been said that Dickens creates not characters but caricatures. There is truth in this, but the very exaggeration seems to give them greater life and reality, and Mr Pickwick, Sam Weller, Uriah Heep, Mr Micawber, Quilp, Mrs Gamp, Scrooge, Squeers and a host of other are more familiar and real to us than are most of our acquaintances.

[*Little David Copperfield's father has died, and his mother has been married again to Mr Murdstone. He dislikes David and decides to send him away to a boarding school. David does not know this and is locked in his bedroom, but his faithful old nurse, Clara Peggotty, comes to the keyhole of his room, tells him what has been decided, and bids him farewell.*]

"My own!" said Peggotty with infinite compassion. "What I want to say is that you must never forget me; for I'll never forget you. And I'll take as much care of your mamma, Davy, as ever I took of you. And I won't leave her. The day may come when she'll be glad to lay her poor head on her stupid cross old Peggotty's arms again. And I'll write to you, my dear, though I'm no scholar. And I'll—I'll——" Peggotty fell to kissing the keyhole as she couldn't kiss me.

"Thank you, dear Peggotty!" said I. "Oh, thank you! Thank you! Will you write and tell Mr Peggotty and little Emily and Mrs Gummidge and Ham that I

am not so bad as they might suppose, and that I send 'em all my love—— Will you, if you please, Peggotty?"

The kind soul promised, and we both of us kissed the keyhole with the greatest affection—I patted it with my hand, I recollect, as if it had been her honest face—and parted. . . .

In the morning Miss Murdstone appeared as usual and told me I was going to school; which was not altogether such news as she supposed. She also informed me when I was dressed I was to come downstairs and have my breakfast.

I looked for Peggotty, but neither she nor Mr Murdstone appeared. My former acquaintance the carrier was at the door; the box was taken out to his cart and lifted in. . . . Miss Murdstone was good enough to take me out to the cart, and to say on the way that she hoped I would repent before I came to a bad end; and then I got into the cart, and the lazy horse walked off with it.

* * *

We might have gone about half a mile, and my pocket-handkerchief was quite wet through, when the carrier stopped short.

Looking out to ascertain for what, I saw, to my amazment, Peggotty burst from a hedge and climb into the cart. She took me in both her arms, and squeezed me to her stays[1] until the pressure on my nose was extremely painful, though I never thought of that till afterwards when I found it very tender. Not a single word did Peggotty speak. Releasing one of her arms, she put it down in her pocket to the elbow, and brought out some paper bags of cakes which she crammed into my pockets, and a purse which she put into my hand, but not one word did she say. After another and a final squeeze with both arms, she got

[1] stays = stiff corsets.

down from the cart and ran away; and my belief is, and has always been, without a solitary button on her gown. I picked up one, of several that were rolling about, and treasured it as a keepsake for a long time.

The carrier looked at me, as if to inquire if she were coming back. I shook my head, and said I thought not. "Then, come up,[1]" said the carrier to the lazy horse; who came up accordingly.

Having by this time cried as much as I possibly could, I began to think it was of no use crying any more, especially as neither Roderick Random[2] nor that Captain in the Royal British Navy had ever cried, that I could remember, in trying situations, The carrier seeing me in this resolution, proposed that my pocket-handkerchief should be spread up on the horse's back to dry. I thanked him, and assented; and particularly small it looked, under those circumstances.

I had now leisure to examine the purse. It was a stiff leather purse, with a snap, and had three bright shillings in it, which Peggotty had evidently polished up with whitening, for my greater delight. But its most precious contents were two half-crowns folded together in a bit of paper, on which was written, in my mother's hand, "For Davy. With my love." I was so overcome by this, that I asked the carrier to be so good as to reach me my pocket-handerchief again; but he said he thought I had better do without it, and I thought I really had, so I wiped my eyes on my sleeve and stopped myself.

For good, too; though in consequence of my previous emotions I was still occasionally seized with a stormy sob. After we had jogged on for some little time, I asked the carrier if he was going all the way.

"All the way where?" inquired the carrier.

"There," said I.

[1] come up (or "gee up,") used to a horse = move on, go faster.
[2] Roderick Random, hero of a novel by Smollett.

"Where's there?" inquired the carrier.

"Near London," I said.

"Why, that horse," said the carrier, jerking the rein to point him out, "would be deader than pork before he got over half the ground."

"Are you only going to Yarmouth, then?" I asked.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-coach, and the stage-coach that'll take you to—wherever it is."

As this was a great deal for the carrier (whose name was Mr Barkis) to say—he being, as I observed in a former chapter, of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational—I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em, now?" said Mr Barkis, always leaning forward, in his slouching way, on the foot-board of the cart with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr Barkis. "Her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry and does all our cooking."

"Does she, though?" said Mr Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle, but he didn't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears, as if he saw something new there; and sat so for a considerable time. By and by, he said:

"No sweethearts, I believe?"

"Sweetmeats, did you say, Mr Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr Barkis. "Sweethearts; no person walks with her?"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said. "Her."

"Oh, no. She never had a sweetheart."

"Didn't she, though?" said Mr Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he didn't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr Barkis, after a long interval of reflection, " all the apple pastries, and does all the cooking, does she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Mr Barkis. "Perhaps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me. "Well ! If you was writin' to her, perhaps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis was willing," I repeated innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye—es," he said, considering. "Ye—es. Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, " and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying, with profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'. That's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the hotel at Yarmouth that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an inkstand and wrote a note to Peggotty, which ran thus : "My dear Peggotty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mama. Yours affectionately. *P.S.*—He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing.*"

When I had taken this commisson on myself prospectively, Mr Barkis relapsed into perfect silence; and feeling quite worn out by all that had happened lately.

lay down on a sack in the cart and fell asleep. I slept soundly until we got to Yarmouth.

SIX MONTHS LATER

I well remember, though, how the distant idea of the holidays, after seeming for an immense time to be a stationary speck, began to come towards us, and to grow and grow. How, from counting months, we came to weeks, and then to days. How the breaking-up day changed its place fast, at last, from the week after next to next week, the day after to-morrow, to-morrow, to-day, to-night—when I was inside the Yarmouth mail, and going home.

When we arrived before day at the inn where the mail stopped, I was shown up to a nice little bedroom, with DOLPHIN painted on the door. Very cold I was, I know, notwithstanding the hot tea they had given me before a large fire downstairs; and very glad I was to turn into the Dolphin's bed, pull the Dolphin's blankets round my head, and go to sleep.

Mr Barkis, the carrier, was to call for me in the morning at nine o'clock. I got up at eight, a little giddy from the shortness of my night's rest, and was ready for him before the appointed time. He received me exactly as if not five minutes had elapsed since we were last together, and I had only been into the hotel to get change for sixpence, or something of that sort.

As soon as I and my box were in the cart, and the carrier seated, the lazy horse walked away with us all at his accustomed pace.

"You loo,k very well, Mr Barkis," I said, thinking he would like to know it.

Mr Barkis rubbed his cheek with his cuff, and then looked at his cuff as if he expected to find some of the

bloom upon it; but made no other acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I gave your message, Mr Barkis," I said; "I wrote to Peggotty."

"Ah!" said Mr Barkis.

Mr Barkis seemed gruff, and answered dryly.

"Wasn't it right, Mr Barkis?" I asked, after a little hesitation.

"Who, no," said Mr Barkis.

"Not the message?"

"Nothing come of it," he explained, looking at me sideways. "No answer."

"There was an answer expected, was there, Mr Barkis?" said I, opening my eyes. For this was a new light to me.

"When a man says he's willin', said Mr Barkis, turning his glance slowly on me again, "it's as much as to say, that man's waitin' for an answer."

"Well, Mr Barkis?"

"Well," said Mr Barkis, carrying his eyes back to his horse's ears; "that man's been waitin' for an answer ever since."

"Have you told her so, Mr Barkis?"

"N—no," growled Mr Barkis, reflecting about it. "I've got no call to go and tell her so. I never said six words to her myself. *I'm* not goin' to tell her so."

"Would you like me to do it, Mr Barkis?" said I, doubtfully.

"You might tell her, if you would," said Mr Barkis, with another slow look at me, "that Barkis was waitin' for an answer. Says you—what name is it?"

"Her name?"

"Ah!" said Mr Barkis, with a nod of his head.

"Peggotty."

"Christian name? Or natural name?" said Mr Barkis.

"Oh, it's not her Christian name. Her Christian name is Clara."

"Is it, though !" said Mr Barkis.

He seemed to find an immense fund of reflection in this circumstance, and sat pondering and inwardly whistling for some time.

"Well!" he resumed at length. "Says you, 'Peggotty! Barkis is waitin' for an answer.' Says she, perhaps, 'Answer to what?' Says you, 'To what I told you.' 'What is that?' says she. 'Barkis is willin',' says you."

This extremely artful suggestion Mr Barkis accompanied with a nudge of his elbow that gave me quite a stitch[1] in my side. After that, he slouched over his horse in his usual manner; and made no other reference to the subject except, half an hour afterwards, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, and writing up, inside the tilt of the cart, "Clara Peggotty"—apparently as a private memorandum.

* * *

[*David goes to his home, is greatly relieved to find Mr Murdstone is not at home and he and his mother and Peggotty are alone together.*]

We dined together by the fireside. Peggotty was in attendance to wait upon us, but my mother wouldn't let her do it and made her dine with us. I had my own old plate with a brown view of a ship in full sail upon it, which Peggotty had hoarded somewhere all the time I had been away and would not have broken, she said, for a hundred pounds. I had my own mug with "David" on it, and my own little fork and knife that would not cut.

While we were at table, I thought it a favourable occasion to tell Peggotty about Mr Barkis, who, before I had finished what I had to tell her, began to laugh and throw her apron over her face.

"Peggotty," said my mother, "What's the matter?" Peggotty only laughed the more, and held her apron

[1] stitch = pain.

tight over her face when my mother tried to pull it away, and sat as if her head were in a bag. "What are you doing, you stupid creature?" said my mother, laughing.

"Oh, drat the man!" cried Peggotty. "He wants to marry me."

"It would be a very good match for you; wouldn't it?" said my mother.

"Oh ! I don't know," said Peggotty. "Don't ask me. I wouldn't have him if he was made of gold."

"Then why don't you tell him so, you ridiculous thing?" said my mother.

"Tell him so," retorted Peggotty, looking out of her apron. "He has never said a word to me about it. He knows better. If he were to make so bold as say a word to me, I should slap his face." Her own was as red as ever I saw it or any other face, I think; but she only covered it again, for a few minutes at a time, when she was taken with a violent fit of laughter; and after two or three of these attacks, went on with her dinner.

* * *

[*Some time later. David's mother has died. Peggotty is staying with her brother at Yarmouth. David is there on a visit.*]

On the first evening after our arrival, Mr Barkis appeared in an exceedingly vacant[1] and awkward condition, and with a bundle of oranges tied in a handkerchief. As he made no allusion of any kind to this property, he was supposed to have left it behind him by accident when he went away; until Ham,[2] running after him to restore it, came back with the information that it was intended for Peggotty. After this occasion he appeared every evening at exactly the same hour, and always with a little bundle, to which he never alluded, and which he regularly put behind the door, and left there. These offerings of affection were

[1] vacant=absentminded. [2] Ham is Peggotty's nephew.

of a most varied and eccentric[1] description. Among them I remember a double set of pig's trotters,[2] a huge pin-cushion, half a bushel[3] or so of apples, a pair of jet[4] ear-rings, some Spanish onions, a box of dominoes,[5] a canary bird and cage, and a leg of pickled[6] pork.

Mr Barkis' wooing, as I remember it, was altogether of a peculiar kind. He very seldom said anything; but would sit by the fire in much the same attitude as he sat in his cart, and stare heavily at Peggotty, who was opposite. One night, being, as I suppose, inspired by love, he made a dart at[7] the bit of wax candle she kept for her thread, and put it in his waistcoat pocket and carried it off. After that, his great delight was to produce it when it was wanted, sticking to the lining of his pocket, in a partially melted state, and pocket it again when it was done with. He seemed to enjoy himself very much, and not to feel at all called upon to talk. Even when he took Peggotty out for a walk, he had no uneasiness on the point, I believe; contenting himself with askir , her now and then if she was pretty comfortable; ad I remember that sometimes, after he was gone, Peggotty would throw her apron over her face, and laugh for half an hour.

At length when the term of my visit was nearly expired, it was given out that Peggotty and Mr Barkis were going for a day's holiday together and that I was to accompany them. We were all astir[8] early in the morning, and while we were yet at breakfast, Mr Barkis appeared in the distance, driving a chaise-cart[9] towards the object of his affections.

Peggotty was dressed as usual in her neat and quiet

[1] eccentric = strange.
[2] trotters = feet.
[3] bushel = a measure, eight gallons.
[4] jet = a hard black material used for ornaments.
[5] dominoes = flat black pieces of wood with white spots, used in game.
[6] pickled = preserved in salt.
[7] made a dart at = seized.
[8] astir = up and busy.
[9] chaise-cart = carriage usually for two people.

black dress ; but Mr Barkis bloomed in a new blue coat, of which the tailor had given him such good measure that the cuffs would have made gloves unnecessary in the coldest weather, while the collar was so high that it pushed his hair up on end on the top of his head. His bright buttons, too, were of the largest size.

Away we went on our holiday excursion; and the first thing we did was to stop at a church, where Mr Barkis tied the horse to some rails and went in with Peggotty, leaving me alone in the chaise.

Mr Barkis and Peggotty were a good while in the church, but came out at last, and then we drove away into the country. As we were going along, Mr Barkis turned to me and said, with a wink—by the way, I should hardly have thought, before, that he *could* wink :

"What name was it I wrote up in the cart?"

"Clara Peggotty," I answered.

"What name would it be that I should write up now, if there was a board here?"

"Clara Peggotty, again?" I suggested.

"Clara Peggotty BARKIS!" he returned, and burst into a roar of laughter that shook the chaise.

EXERCISES

I. Use in sentences :

1. compassion	8. slouching	15. stationary
2. acquaintance	9. solitary	16. gruff
3. repent	10. keepsake	17. reflection
4. crammed	11. assented	18. nudge
5. seize	12. leisure	19. hoarded
6. reins	13. repudiate	20. violent
7. phlegmatic	14. gravity	21. excursion

II. Insert the necessary prepositions :

1. Both — us kissed the keyhole — the greatest affection.

2. I saw — my amazement, Peggotty burst — the hedge and climb — the cart.
3. She took me — her arms and squeezed me — her stays until the pressure — my nose was extremely painful, though I never thought — that — afterwards.
4. She ran away — a solitary button — her gown.
5. — the purse were two half-crowns folded together — a bit of paper — which was written — my mother's hand "— Davy. — my love."
6. He ate the cake — one gulp, exactly — an elephant.
7. He repudiated my suggestion — a jerk — his head and confirmed his request — saying — profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'."
8. I was very cold — the hot tea they had given me — a large fire downstairs, and I was glad to turn — bed and pull the blankets — my head.
9. I got up — eight, a little giddy — the shortness — my night's rest, and was ready — him — the appointed time.
10. Mr Barkis accompanied his suggestion — a nudge — his elbow that gave me a stitch — my side.
11. — the first evening — our arrival Mr Barkis appeared — a vacant condition and — a bundle — oranges tied — a handkerchief.
12. Ham ran — him to restore it, but came back — the information that it was — Peggotty.
13. He never alluded — his bundle but put it — the door.
14. The wax was sticking — the lining — his pocket — a partially melted state.
15. While we were — breakfast, Mr Barkis appeared — the distance driving — the object — his affections.
16. The collar pushed his hair up — end — the top — his head.

17. Away we went — our holiday excursion; and the first thing we did was to stop — a church.
18. They came out — last and we drove away — the country.

III. Punctuate the following, arranging it in lines and inserting the necessary capital letters :

He made up his mouth as if to whistle but he didn't whistle he sat looking at the horses ears as if he saw something new there and sat so for a considerable time by and by he said no sweethearts I believe sweetmeats did you say mr barkis for i thought he wanted something else to eat and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment hearts said mr barkis sweethearts to person walks with her with peggotty ah he said her oh no she never had a sweetheart didnt she though said mr barkis again he made up his mouth to whistle and again he didnt whistle but sat looking at his horses ears so she makes said mr barkis after a long interval of reflection all the apple pastries and does all the cooking does she I replied that such was the fact well ill tell you what said mr barkis perhaps you might be writin to her I shall certainly write to her I rejoined ah he said slowly turning his eyes towards me well if you was writing to her perhaps youd recollect to say that barkis was willin would you.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Write a short character study of (*a*) Peggotty, (*b*) Barkis.

II. Write a short essay on "Leaving Home."

III. Give an account of any book that you have read by Dickens or write a criticism of Dickens as a novelist.

BECKY AND AMELIA LEAVE SCHOOL

From *Vanity Fair*

by W. M. THACKERAY (1811-1863)

(Slightly modernised)

Vanity Fair, of which this extract is the opening chapter, and *Henry Esmond* are the finest of Thackeray's works.

While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wing, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy[1] legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and, as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. The acute observer might have recognised the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

"It is Mrs Sedley's coach, sister," said Miss Jemima. "Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat."

"Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?" asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady, the

[1] bandy = curved outwards at the knees. The opposite is "knock-kneed."

Semiramis[1] of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson[2] himself.

"The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister," replied Miss Jemima.

"And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good —ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this letter which I have written to his lady."

In Miss Jemima's eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils left the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils; and it was Jemima's opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs Birch for her daughter's loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance Miss Pinkerton's letter was to the following effect :

THE MALL,
CHISWICK,
June 15, 18—.

MADAM,—After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterise the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose industry and obedience have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her aged and her youthful companions.

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[1] Semiramis=wife of Ninus (founder of Nineveh), possessor of unrivalled beauty and wisdom.

[2] Doctor Johnson, English man of letters (1709-84), writer of the great *English Dictionary*.

In music, in dancing, in orthography,[1] in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realised her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired: and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next few years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified deportment and carriage so requisite for every young lady of fashion.

In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honoured by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*.[2] In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honour to subscribe herself.

Madam, your most obliged and humble servant,

BARBARA PINKERTON

P.S.—Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible.

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name and Miss Sedley's in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary—the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of "Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson." In fact, the lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get "the Dictionary" from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book, and when Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

"For whom is this, Miss Jemima?" said Miss Pinkerton with awful coldness.

[1] orthography = correct spelling.
[2] lexicographer = writer of dictionaries. *The Great Lexicographer* = Doctor Johnson.

"For Becky Sharp," answered Jemima, trembling very much and blushing over her withered face and neck as she turned her back on her sister, "For Becky Sharp, she's going too."

"MISS JEMIMA !" exclaimed Miss Pinkerton in the largest capitals. "Are you in your senses? Replace the Dictionary in the cupboard, and never venture to take such a liberty[1] in future."

"Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she doesn't get one."

"Send Miss Sedley instantly to me," said Miss Pinkerton. And so, not venturing to say another, word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried[2], and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articled pupil,[3] for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough without conferring upon her at parting the high honour of the Dictionary.

The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weatherbeaten old trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer—the hour for parting came; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophise, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness ; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and

[1] to take a liberty=to do what you have no right to do.
[2] flurried=confused.
[3] articled pupil=apprenticed, doing work for her keep, "her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live cost free and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school."

tedious ; and having the fear of her schoolmistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any outbursts of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visits of parents, and after partaking of these Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

"You'll go in and say good-bye to Miss Pinkerton, Becky!" said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice and who was coming downstairs with her own bandbox.

"I suppose I must," said Miss Sharp calmly and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima; and the latter having knocked at the door and received permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner and said in French, and with a perfect accent, "Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux."

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did; but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head she said, "Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning." As she spoke she waved one hand, both by way of adieu and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow and quite declined to accept the proffered honour; on which Miss Pinkerton tossed her head more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. "Heaven bless you, my child," said she, embracing Amelia and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. "Come away, Becky," said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them for ever.

Then came the parting. All the servants were there in the hall—all the dear friends—all the young ladies—the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a hugging and kissing and crying. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the carriage. "Stop !" cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

"It's some sandwiches, my dear," said she to Amelia. "You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister—that is, I —Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good-bye. Drive on, coachman. God bless you !"

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotion.

But just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. "Well I never," said she; "what an audacious——" Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies.

EXERCISES

I. Use in sentences :

1. acute	4. eloquent	7. flurried
2. recipe	5. residence	8. harness
3. autograph	6. requisite	9. console

10. industry
11. timid
12. trot
13. withered
14. grin
15. argument
16. venerable
17. frigid
18. slam
19. emotion
20. audacious

II. Write the opposite of the following. Change the words in italics :

1. One *sunshiny morning*.
2. A *large* family coach with two *fat* horses.
3. He *uncurled* his *bandy* legs.
4. They peered out of the *narrow* windows.
5. The *acute* observer recognised *good-natured* Miss Jemima.
6. Miss Sedley's *departure* was at hand.
7. A *pious* compostion was written.
8. Her instructors *approve* of her *industry* and *obedience*.
9. Her *sweetness* of temper has *charmed* her companions.
10. They must treat her with the utmost *gentleness*.
11. The hour for *parting* came, and the *grief* of the moment was considerably *lessened* by the speech of Miss Pinkerton.
12. The speech was *dull*, *pompous*, and *tedious*.

III. Turn these sentences from Passive into Active Voice :

1. The coach was driven by a fat coachman.
2. A score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows.
3. A personal letter was written by Miss Pinkerton.
4. Amelia will be found to have realised her friends' fondest wishes.
5. A visit had been paid to the School by Dr Johnson.

6. The washing and mending were done by Miss Jemima.
7. Jemima will not be mentioned by us again from this moment till the end of time.
8. The flowers and the presents were arranged in the carriage by Sambo.
9. "My child, may you be blessed by heaven," said Miss Pinkerton.
10. She was prevented by emotion from completing her sentence.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Write a short character sketch of (*a*) Amelia, (*b*) Becky, (*c*) Miss Pinkerton.
II. Recollections of your first and last day at school.
III. Schools—past and present.
IV. Narrate the episode (*a*) as Amelia would tell it, (*b*) as Becky Sharp would tell it.

THE TRIAL OF FERGUS MACIVOR

From *Waverley*

by SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Scott first gained fame as a poet with his stirring, narrative romances such as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, etc. But in 1813 there came a new and, as Scott himself realised, a greater writer of verse tales, Lord Byron. Scott turned to a new field, the novel. *Waverley*, published anonymously in 1814, was an instantaneous success; Scotland's greatest novelist had found his life's work. *Waverley* was followed by *Old Mortality*, *Ivanhoe*, *Guy Mannering*, *Kenilworth* and many others.

In 1825, at the height of his fame, Scott received the news of the failure of the firm of Ballantyne in which he was a secret partner. Scott refused the easy escape of bankruptcy, and at

the age of fifty-five, a tired man in broken health, took upon his own shoulders the whole debt of £118,000, pledging himself to pay every creditor in full. In seven years, by incessant work, in the midst of sickness and loneliness, he succeeded in his task; but he died of it.

[*In* 1688 *James II, the last of the Stuart Kings, was forced to abdicate and William, Prince of Orange, was asked to take the throne as William III. James had, however, many supporters*[1] *especially among the Scottish Highlanders, and in "Waverley" Scott tells the story of the last attempt, in* 1745, *to regain the throne for James. The attempt was unsuccessful, and in the extract that follows one of the greatest of the Scottish chieftains, Fergus MacIvor (Vich Ian Vohr) together with his devoted follower and foster-brother Evan Maccombich have just been tried for their part in the rebellion.*]

Edward[2] reached Carlisle while the commission[3] on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. He pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar.[4] The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus MacIvor, although his dress was squalid,[5] and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to him-

[1] Known as "Jacobites" (from the Latin Jacobus = James).
[2] Edward Waverley, the central figure in the novel.
[3] commssion = trial. [4] bar = place of trial. [5] squalid = dirty.

self as the Clerk pronounced the solemn words, "Fergus MacIvor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan MacIvor, otherwise called Evan Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted[1] of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, "I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. If that of all my ancestors were in my veins, I would have perilled it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Even Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself,[2] kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only going to say my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour, and the honourable court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him go

[1] attainted = accused.

[2] His natural language was Gaelic.

back to France, and not to trouble King George's Government again, that any six of the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me go down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to you myself, to head or hang, and you may begin with me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they know neither the heart of a Highlandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus MacIvor," continued the Judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually on his Chief, were moistened with a tear. "For you, poor ignorant man," continued the Judge, "who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual,

who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion that if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise——"

"Grace me no grace," said Evan; "since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you is—to bid them loose my hands and give me my claymore,[1] and bide[2] you just a minute sitting where you are!"

"Remove the prisoners," said the Judge; "his blood be upon his own head."

* * *

THE NEXT DAY

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turnout," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus MacIvor and Evan Maccombich. "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons[1] and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in a hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway, that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants.

[1] claymore = sword. [2] bide = stay. [3] dragoons = horse soldiers.

"This is well got up for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan exclaimed with some eagerness after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very men that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James*!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

EXERCISES

I. Use each of these words in a sentence :

1. agitation
2. verdict
3. steadfast
4. ancestors
5. perplexity
6. compassion
7. solemnity
8. vehicle
9. disdainfully
10. momentary

II. Write the following in Direct Speech, *i.e.*, give the exact words of the speaker :

1. The clerk said that Fergus MacIvor and Evan Maccombich stood attainted of high treason.

2. He asked them what they had to say for themselves; why the court should not pronounce judgment against them that they die according to law.
3. Fergus said that the could not let that numerous audience suppose that he had no answer to make.
4. The Judge said that he could hold out no hope of mercy.
5. The Judge said that he felt so much compassion for Evan that if he could make up his mind to petition for grace the Judge would endeavour to procure it for him.

III. Join these pairs of sentences by turning one verb into a participle, *e.g.* :

(*a*) He hurried forward.
(*b*) He hoped to see Fergus.

He hurried forward *hoping* to see Fergus.

1. (*a*) He resumed his seat. (*b*) He refused to rise again.
2. (*a*) Evan rose up. (*b*) He looked earnestly at the Judge.
3. (*a*) The Judge continued his speech. (*b*) He told Fergus to expect no mercy.
4. (*a*) "This is well got up," said Fergus. (*b*) He smiled disdainfully.
5. (*a*) Fergus stood erect in the sledge. (*b*) " God save King James," he said.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Narrate the episode as Waverley might have recorded it in his diary.

II. Discuss any other historical novel you have read.

III. Tell a short story of any event in the history of your country.

LAVENGRO TALKS WITH JASPER PETULENGRO[1]

By George Borrow (1803-1881)

Borrow is a most picturesque figure in English literature. As a boy he periodically moved about, as his father, a captain in the army, was transferred from place to place, and this developed the roving spirit that was born in him. It was at this time that he first met the gipsies, by whom he was fascinated and whom he got to know intimately. The passion for wandering took him all over England, and allied to his other great passion, modern languages (he knew, superficially at any rate, a dozen languages) induced him to take service with the Bible Society and distribute Bibles in Russia and later in Spain. *The Bible in Spain*, a vivid account of his travels there, was his first book: this was followed by *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, which are more or less autobiographical but enriched by a powerful imagination, a keen eye for oddities of character, an inimitable skill as a teller of tales, and an ever-present love of the life of the open road.

"What is your opinion of death, Mr Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing :

'Cana marel o manus chivios ande puv,
Ta rovel pa leste a chavo ta romi.'—[2]

"When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him." If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

" Do you think so?"

[1] Jasper Petulengro, one of the chiefs of the gipsies.

[2] *Cana marel*, etc., is gipsy language. (The translation follows the verse.)

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die———"

"You talk like a Gorgio[1]—which is the same as talking like a fool. Were you a Romany chal[2] you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Romany chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Enough, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves;[3] and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Give in 50 words the substance of Jasper's talk.
II. Write an essay on "Gipsy Life."

A MAD TEA-PARTY

From *Alice in Wonderland*

by LEWIS CARROLL (1831-1898)

Alice in Wonderland is the most celebrated "nonsense book" in the English language. It is a written version of the stories that Lewis Carroll told to a little girl, Alice Liddell, daughter of Dean Liddell.

The author's real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. He was a brilliant mathematician and professor of mathematics at Christ Church College, Oxford. He published mathematical

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[1] Gorgio = one who is not a gipsy (*gipsy language*).
[2] Romany chal = a gipsy lad.
[3] gloves = boxing gloves.

works before he wrote *Alice*, and the story is told that Queen Victoria, who greatly admired *Alice in Wonderland*, ordered one of her servants to go and get all the other books by this author, and was much surprised to receive *A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry* and *Euclid and His Modern Rivals*.

[*Alice goes down a rabbit hole and meets a series of fantastic dream-like adventures, of which the following is typical.*]

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil[1] of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You shouldn't make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

[1] civil = polite.

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.[1] I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it? said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "You might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence, "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you

[1] riddles = difficult or amusing questions; conundrums.

butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled : "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again ; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, " It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch !" she remarked. " It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice repled very readily : "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," sakd the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to have no meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied : "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. " I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles with no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied : "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah ! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons : you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully : "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter : "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I !" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare)—"it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat !
How I wonder what you're at !"[1]

---

[1] The real nursery rhyme is :

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way :

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle——"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle——" and went on so long they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen jumped up and bawled[1] out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!' "

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh : "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't

[1] bawled = shouted.

asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice : "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; " and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse, "*very* ill."

Alice tried to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread and butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question, "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said, "I won't interrupt again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed !" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know——"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle,," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously : "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse; " well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very

sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——."

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "—that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are 'much of a muchness[1]—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think——"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust, and walked off; the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life!"

EXERCISES

I. Use the following words in sentences:

1. indignant
2. severity
3. crumbs
4. gloomily
5. mutter
6. puzzle
7. contemptuous
8. twinkle
9. mournfully
10. bawl

[1] much of a muchness = there's not much difference between them.

11. yawn
12. hoarse
13. extraordinary
14. triumphantly
15. sulkily
16. interrupt
17. shriek
18. civil
19. impatient
20. grumble

II. You have noticed the idiomatic comparisons in the extract "as mad as a hatter," "as mad as a March hare." Try to complete these :

1. as old as —
2. as keen as —
3. as black as —
4. as white as —
5. as brown as —
6. as clean as —
7. as firm as —
8. as dead as —
9. as lively as —
10. as fresh as —
11. to run like a —
12. to grin like a —
13. to drink like a —
14. to cling like a —
15. to swear like a —

III. Replace these infinitives by the correct form of the verb:

1. A dormouse was [*to sit*] between them, the other two were [*to rest*] their elbows on it and [*to talk*] over its head.
2. The table was a large one but the three were all [*to crowd*] together, and they [*to cry*] out "No room! No room!" when they saw Alice [*to come*].
3. It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without [*to be*] invited.
4. The table is [*to lay*] for more than three.
5. "Your hair wants [*to cut*]," said the Hatter.
6. He had [*to be*] [*to look*] at Alice for some time.
7. The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on [*to hear*] this.
8. I'm glad they've [*to begin*] [*to ask*] riddles.

9. He had [*to take*] his watch out of his pocket and was [*to look*] at it uneasily [*to shake*] it every now and then, and [*to hold*] it to his ear.
10. The Dormouse shook its head and [*to say*] without [*to open*] its eyes, "Just what I was [*to go*] to remark myself."

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Complete the story that the Dormouse was telling.
II. Invent a new adventure for Alice in Wonderland.
III. Tell any other "nonsense" story that you know.

POEMS

THE HIGHWAYMAN

By ALFRED NOYES (1880-1958)

Alfred Noyes was very well known both in England and America as poet, critic, and novelist; in fact, after several very successful lecturing tours in America he became visiting Professor of English at Princeton University. His earliest volumes of poems were *Flower of Old Japan* and *Forest of Wild Thyme*, but he gained wide popularity with the publication of his epic poem *Drake* and his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, stories in verse of the great literary figures, Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, and the others who made merry in Elizabethan days at the Mermaid Tavern. In 1925 he published *The Torch Bearers*, an epic of scientific discovery. *The Highwayman*, that appears here, is perhaps his best-known poem.

Noyes was not a great poet, but no poet of his generation (except Kipling) gave more pleasure to more people.

In addition to poetry Mr Noyes has also written novels, short stories, criticism, and a scholarly but fascinating biography of Voltaire.

PART I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon[1] tossed upon cloudy seas.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doeskin.[2]

[1] galleon=ship (*old poetic*).
[2] doe=female deer (or rabbit).

They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the thigh.
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts[1] a - twinkle,
His rapier hilt[2] a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred.
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable wicket[3] creaked
Where Tim the ostler[4] listened. His face was white and peaked[5];
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy[6] hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped duaghter.
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say -

'One kiss, my bonny sweetheart. I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry[7] me through the day,

[1] butts=thick end. [2] hilt=handle.
[3] wicket=small door or gate.
[4] ostler=man who takes care of horses,
[5] peaked=sharp and thin.
[6] mouldy=spoiled bv damp.
[7] harry=worry, chase.

Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight.
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair in the casement. His face burnt like a brand[1]
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast ;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

Part II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny[2] sunset, before the rise of the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead.
But they gagged[3] his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed.
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets[4] at their side.

[1] brand = piece of burning wood. [2] tawny = golden-red.
[3] gagged = tied something over her mouth to prevent her from speaking. [4] musket = a type of gun used in former times.

There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering[1] jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle[2] beneath her breast.
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good.
She writhed[3] her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood.
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger[4] at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove[5] no more for the rest.
Up, she stood up to attention, with the muzzle beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;

[1] sniggering = foolish, unpleasant laughter.
[2] muzzle = mouth of a gun.
[3] writhed = twisted.
[4] trigger = part of the gun pulled by the finger in order to fire it.
[5] Verb *to strive* = to try.

For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed tc her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot,[1] *tlot-tlot*! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear.
Tlot-tlot, *tlot-tlot*, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The red-coats looked to their priming.[2] She stood up, straight and still.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night.
Nearer he came and nearer. Her face was like a light.
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight, and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood.
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched[3] with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face grew grey to hear.
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

[1] Tlot-tlot=invented word to suggest the sound of a horse's feet.
[2] priming=gunpowder for firing of gun [3] drenched=wet through.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shouting a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished[1] high.
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway;
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

* * *

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard.
He taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred.
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

EXERCISES

I Use in sentences :

1. torrent	6. rapier	11. knot
2. moor	7. shutter	12. vein
3. highwayman	8. clatter	13. shatter
4. claret	9. gallop	14. drench
5. wrinkle	10. landlord	

[1] brandished = waved about.

II. You have noted the poet's skilful coining of the words *tlot-tlot* so that the sound echoes the sense. This is a well-known device in English poetry and is called *onomatopœia*. It can be seen in such words as *bang*, *crash*, *whirr*, etc.

Collect further examples from this poem (*e.g.*, in the final verse) or elsewhere.

III. You are given a note (p. 170) stating that a *doe* is a female deer (or rabbit). The male is a *buck*. Arrange the following in appropriate pairs, putting the masculine form first, *e.g.*, (1) and (18) go together:

1. horse
2. cow
3. dog
4. goose
5. duck
6. hen
7. boar
8. drake
9. fox
10. bitch
11. gander
12. cock
13. sow
14. tiger
15. heifer
16. colt
17. bee
18. mare
19. ewe
20. tigress
21. bullock
22. drone
23. bull
24. vixen
25. filly
26. ram

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of the poem.
II. Write a short story or play entitled *The Highwayman*.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

By LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859)

Leigh Hunt is better known, perhaps, as an essayist and journalist than as a poet. Most of the literary men of his generation, including Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats, sought his friendship, and on the poetry of Keats in particular he had a profound, if not altogether happy, influence.

This graceful little Eastern parable, *Abou Ben Adhem*, is his best-known poem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"[1]—the vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,[2]
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay,[3] not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. tribe
2. moonlight
3. bloom
4. bold
5. vision
6. vanish
7. fellow
8. bless

COMPREHENSION EXERCISES

I. Answer the following questions :

1. Who is the "hero" of the poem?
2. What did he see in the room?
3. What was the angel doing?
4. What effect had the angel's presence on the room?
5. What did Abou say to the angel?

[1] In prose, "What are you writing?"
[2] accord=peace.
[3] Nay=no.

6. What was the reply?
7. What further question did Abou ask?
8. What request did Abou then make?
9. When did the angel come again?
10. What message did it now bring to Abou?

II Note the use of *mine*, e.g., "*And is* MINE *one*?" *said Abou*. Make sentences to show the difference between :

1. *my* and *mine*
2. *your* and *yours*
3. *her* and *hers*
4. *it*, *its*, and *it's*
5. *our* and *ours*
6. *their* and *theirs*
7. *whose* and *who's*

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of the poem.
II. Discuss the thought in the poem.
III. Compare the style of this poem with *Lucy* on p. 179. Which do you prefer? Give reasons for your answer.

LUCY

By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

William Wordsworth is the first, and in some ways the greatest, of the poets of the Romantic Revival. Practically the whole of his long life was passed in quiet seclusion among the mountains of the Lake District. He had a passionate love of nature.

> "The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite."

Nature to him was the guide and inspirer of man, and in this ideal background among the homely peasant folk his work attained an austere spiritual beauty. It was his sincerity

and simplicity of soul that caused him to reject the artificial formality of the eighteenth-century "poetic diction" and to declare in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* that in his poetry his purpose was "to imitate as far as possible the language really used by men, especially rustics, because they speak a plainer and more emphatic language." This theory led Wordsworth into occasional absurdities, but at his best, as in the poem that follows, he can unite simplicity with a sublimity that no poet has surpassed.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

EXERCISE

Memorise the poem.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

From *The Princess*

by ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Though the names of Tennyson and Browning are often linked together as the poetic giants of the Victorian age, the upbringing, outlook, and style of writing of the two poets are very different. Tennyson was born in the Vicarage of Somersby in Lincolnshire

and spent his boyhood among country scenes. He went to Cambridge in 1828 where he was one of a circle of highly talented serious-minded friends. With the publication, in 1842, of a volume of poems, he achieved a fame that increased with every new volume. In 1850 he became Poet Laureate, in 1884 he was raised to the peerage, and on his death in 1892 he was buried in Westminister Abbey. Tennyson is one of the supreme masters of English word music. He had a faultless ear and worked with words as a jeweller might with gems.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
  " She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
  " Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ULYSSES

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[*This is a "dramatic monologue" in which the poet shows us Ulysses, the far-travelled hero of Homer's "Odyssey" now grown old, but resolved to set out "to sail beyond the sunset," and "to follow knowledge like a sinking star."*]

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete[1] and dole[2]
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees:[3] all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades[4]
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,[5]
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this grey spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

* * *

[1] mete = measure out.
[2] dole = give out.
[3] lees = dregs (*i.e.*, that which settles to the bottom of a cask of wine).
[4] Hyades (Pleiades) = a group of stars. Their rising often brought stormy seas.
[5] peers = equals.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom[1] the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought,[2] and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic[3] welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming[4] men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes:[5] the slow moon climbs: the deep[6]
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows;[7] for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles,[8] whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

[1] *gloom* is usually a noun meaning "twilight," "darkness." Here, by poetic licence, it is a verb.
[2] *wrought* is an archaic or poetic form of *worked*.
[3] frolic=joyous.
[4] unbecoming=unfitting, unsuited to.
[5] wane=fade, die away.
[6] *deep* here=ocean.
[7] furrows=waves.
[8] Achilles=Greek hero of the Trojan War. On his death his armour had been awarded to Ulysses.

EXERCISES

I. Use in sentences :

1. worthy
2. tempest
3. utter
4. hearth
5. roam
6. council
7. gleam
8. margin
9. rust
10. burnish
11. vile
12. yearn
13. utmost
14. vessel
15. twinkle
16. strive
17. moan
18. gulf
19. heroic
20. yield

II. Give the prose order of the following :

1. "Home they brought her warrior dead"
2. "Stole a maiden from her place"
3. "Rose a nurse of ninety years"

III. Answer the following :

1. What, besides his inborn spirit of adventure, caused discontent in the mind of Ulysses?
2. What does Ulysses mention having seen and done in his earlier travels?
3. Where does he want to go now? For what purpose and with what hopes and fears?
4. Whom does he want to go with him? Quote the lines in which Ulysses pays tribute to these men.
5. In three lines Tennyson draws the scene of the port at night. Quote them.
6. If you were asked to choose *one* line to sum up the character of Ulysses, which would you choose?

IV. Explain or paraphrase :

1. It little profits that an idle king,
   By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
   Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
   Unequal laws unto a savage race,
   That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.

2. . . . when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea.

3. . . . all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

4. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains.

5. and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself.

6. Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to see, to find, and not to yield.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of "Home they brought her warrior dead."

II. Write one of the following :

1. A character study of Ulysses.
2. A short essay on :
   (*a*) Wanderlust
   (*b*) The value of travel
   (*c*) "Old age hath yet his honour and his toil"
   (*d*) "Death closes all"
   (*e*) Tennyson *or* Browning

MEMORABILIA

By ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

Browning was born in London, where his father was an official of the Bank of England. He was educated by private tutors, went to no public school or university, and, when Tennyson had gone no farther afield than Cambridge, Browning had travelled widely in Italy, France, and Russia. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett[1] and went with her to Italy, where almost all his ideally happy married life was spent. He died in Venice but is buried in Westminster Abbey.

There is something dynamic about Browning's poetry, and the thought often seems to be bursting through the bonds of form. He is not the consummate verbal artist that Tennyson is ; his poems frequently contain harsh phrases, grotesque rhymes, and abrupt broken phrases, but in their condensed expression and allusive style there is a magnificant depth and variety of thought and intensity of feeling.

[Browning had a great admiration for Shelley.[2] He never met him—he was only a boy of six when Shelley left England for Italy never to return ; but in the first two verses of this poem he imagines a meeting with someone who once "saw Shelley plain" and who spoke with him, but was, apparently, quite unimpressed by the event. In the last two verses Browning draws a striking parallel between the man's dull life (with, in Browning's estimation, its one dazzling moment) and the blank moor which he had once crossed, with its "hand's breadth" of splendour.]

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new !

[1] The story of his "rescue" of Miss Barrett is dramatised in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* by Rudoph Besier, published in the Essential English Library (Longmans).

[2] Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was one of the greatest English poets.

But you were living before that,
  And also you are living after ;
And the memory I started at——
  My starting moves your laughter !

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
  And a certain use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
  'Mid the blank miles round about :

For there I picked up on the heather
  And there I put inside my breast
A moulted[1] feather, an eagle-feather!
  Well, I forget the rest.

THE PATRIOT: AN OLD STORY

By ROBERT BROWNING

[A year ago "the patriot" had been the idol of the poople, now he has experienced the fickleness of popular favour and is on the way to the scaffold. But he has resigned himself to God's judgment of his work. In the world he has not had his just reward ; "but instead, 'Tis God shall repay." And that, he says, is the better thing.]

It was roses, roses, all the way
  With myrtle mixed in my path like mad :
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
  The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day.

[1] moulted feather = old feather shed by a bird.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
  The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said,[1] "Good folk, mere noise repels—
  But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered,[2] "And afterward, what else?"

Alack,[3] it was I who leaped at the sun
  To give it my loving friends to keep!
Nought[4] man could do, have I left undone:
  And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
  Just a palsied[5] few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,[6]
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.[7]

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
  A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
  For they fling, whoever, has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
  In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
"Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
  Me?"—God might question; but instead
'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

[1] "Had I said"=if I had said.
[2] "They had answered"=they would have answered.
[3] *Alack.* An exclamation=Alas!
[4] nought=nothing.
[5] palsy (paralysis)=a shivering, trembling of the limbs.
[6] allow=agree.
[7] trow (archaic)=believe.

EXERCISES

I. Each of the following words can have at least two different meanings. Use them all in sentences to illustrate this.

plain, start, cross, pick, rest, rock, set

II. Paraphrase :

1. Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, " And afterward, what else? "
2. " Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
Me?"—God might question; but instead
'Tis God shall repay : I am safer so.

III. Put into Indirect Speech:

1. Did you once see Shelley plain?
2. I go in the rain.
3. I forget the rest.
4. 'Tis God shall repay.
5. Give me your sun from yonder skies.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell in your own words the story of "The Patriot."

II. If you could meet and speak with some great man or woman, living or dead, whom would you choose? Write the " imaginary conversation " you would have with him or her.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHÉRIB

By LORD BYRON (1788-1874)

Lord Byron was one of the most picturesque, if not the greatest, of the " Romantic " poets. After an unhappy childhood and a rather wild, extravagant time at Cambridge, he travelled widely throughout Europe, gaining experiences

that he narrates in *Childe Harold*. With this poem he leapt into instant popularity. He became the literary and social idol of London, but a disastrous marriage, which was dissolved after a year, and the severe censure of society which followed, caused him to leave England in 1816 never to return. He lived chiefly in Italy, where the greatest of his work, *e.g.*, the remainder of *Childe Harold*, *Beppo*, *Don Juan* was written. In 1823 he went to Greece to help in the Greek struggles for freedom from Turkey, and died there at Missolonghi.

[*The following poem is based on the Bible narrative* (*Second book of Kings, chapters xviii and xix.*)]

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts[1] were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.[2]

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,[3]
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd[4] deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail[5];
And the tents were all silent, the banners, alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

[1] cohorts = regiments of soldiers.
[2] Verb *to strow* = to scatter.
[3] blast = wind.
[4] wax'd = grew (*poetical*).
[5] mail = armour.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke[1] in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote[2] by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. fold (*two meanings*)
2. gleam
3. sunset
4. wither
5. nostril
6. foam
7. spray
8. distort
9. dew
10. idol

II. Notice the line:

And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea.

In it there is a comparison of two things that are really unlike except in the one point mentioned. This figure of speech is called a SIMILE.

1. Find three other similes in the poem.
2. Make similes for the following :

(*a*) The bluebells were like —.
(*b*) The sound of the thunder was like —.
(*c*) The angry crowd was like —.
(*d*) He suddenly fell down as if —.
(*e*) His eyes twinkled like —.

In the same line there is also another very common poetic device, ALLITERATION, *i.e.*, the repetition of the same letter (here *s*) at the beginning of several words in a sentence or verse.

Find examples of alliteration in *The Highwayman* (p. 170).

II. Memorise the poem.

[1] The strictly grammatical form would be " are *broken*."
[2] unsmote = negative form of verb *to smite*, *i.e.*, to strike (*poetical*).

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Tell the story of the poem.
II. Read the Biblical narrative of the incident (2 Kings, xviii and xix.) and compare and contrast this with Byron's poem.
III. Byron as man and poet.

A JACOBITE'S[1] EPITAPH

By LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Lord Macaulay wrote very little poetry. His great works were his *History of England* and his *Essays*, yet few poems in the language are more familiar than his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The poem that follows is less well known, but in no other poem, except perhaps in occasional lines in *The Armada*, does Macaulay rise nearer to poetic greatness.

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished[2] in a foreign clime,[3]
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia,[4] Scargill's[5] whispering trees,
And pined[6] by Arno[4] for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.

[1] Jacobite. See note, p. 152.
[2] languished = grew weak and weary.
[3] clime = climate, country (*poetical*).
[4] Lavernia and Arno are in Italy.
[5] Scargill Cliff is near the River Tees in the north-east of England.
[6] pined = wasted away with grief.

O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine[1] own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spoke like thee,
Forget all feuds,[2] and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

EXERCISES

I. Each of the following words can have more than one meaning or can be used as different parts of speech. Make sentences to illustrate all their meanings :

1. pine	11. light	21. mine
2. grave	12. tear	22. pitch
3. lead	13. start	23. strike
4. like	14. blind	24. shoot
5. shed	15. point	25. dog
6. lie	16. ring	26. hide
7. past	17. taste	27. contents
8. interest	18. yard	28. desert
9. graze	19. race	29. sole
10. wound	20. match	30. refuse

II. Put these sentences into the Passive Voice :
1. I offered my king courage and faith.
2. I threw away lands, honours, and wealth, and one dear hope that I prized more than them.
3. I heard Scargill's whispering trees on Lavernia.
4. God gave me my resting-place, an early grave.
5. I shall never see again those white cliffs.

COMPOSITION EXERCISE

Paraphrase the poem.

[1] mine=my. (*Mine* is a possessive pronoun; its use here as a possessive adjective is obsolete. *Mine* was used instead of *my* when the next word began with a vowel sound.)

[2] feuds=quarrels.

ESSAYS

BACK TO THE DESK

By ROBERT LYND (1879-1951)

Robert Lynd was one of the most outstanding, and certainly one of the most delightful, of modern essayists. He was the literary editor for the *News Chronicle*, wrote the "middle" essay for the *New Statesman* weekly for the better part of twenty years, and has published several volumes of essays, including *The Blue Lion*, *The Pleasures of Ignorance*, *The Green Man*, *The Money Box*, *The Orange Tree*, *The Little Angel*, *The Promenade*, *The Art of Letters*, *I Tremble to Think*, etc. *Back to the Desk* illustrates admirably one of his most characteristic features, his skill in taking an unusual point of view—*e.g.*, that work is a most welcome rest after holidays—and he presents this point of view with such urbane[1] persuasiveness, quiet humour, ease, and charm of style that no one could be so churlish[2] as to disagree with him.

There is something peculiarly restful in returning to work after a holiday. After the rigours of doing nothing for a month, how peaceful it seems to be sitting once more before a desk in an armchair! Work, I sometimes think, is the ultimate recreation of the really lazy man.

The first thing I do when I return to work after a holiday is to have breakfast sent up to me in bed. How different from all those miseries of early rising which are almost inseparable from a holiday! It may be retorted that it is perfectly easy to arrange to have one's breakfast in bed in any seaside hotel in England; but the fact is, when I am on holiday, my conscience will not permit this. If I lay late in bed at the seaside, I should feel that I was wasting the best part of the day. In London, I am thankful to say, there is no such thing as a best part of

[1] urbane = very polite.
[2] churlish = bad mannered.

the day—or, if there is, it occurs at a much later hour than at the seaside.

Apart from this, the hotel breakfast is a much more formidable affair than breakfast at home. The menu which the waiter hands you is an invitation to gluttony[1] before you are quite awake. If you were in full possession of your senses you would wave the thing away and ask for a kipper or a boiled egg. As it is, your will is so weak as a result of the soporific[2] efforts of early rising that you yield to temptation and go through a breakfast that would satisfy Carnera[3] after a week's fasting.

From that point on your troubles multiply. After breakfast, since you are on holiday, you cannot sit down in a chair, like a rational being, and work or otherwise enjoy yourself. Some demon inside you drives you out into the open air. This usually involves walking —one of the most exhausting of exercises, if persisted in by the novice for long periods. The best view of the bay may be from a chair in a window of your hotel; but, when on a holiday, you cannot help believing that it is round the corner, and you set out for it, however steep the local hills may be. The bay was certainly extraordinarily beautiful, with white sails moving across its ruffled surface under the sun, but, as I trudged[4] along its coast road on foot, I could not help wishing at times that some less strenuous form of exercise than walking had been discovered. I reckon that during the first week of the holiday my pedestrian hours were from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with intervals for meals and one ride on a merry-go-round.

Professor Julian Huxley has been writing on the necessity of organising leisure, and, no doubt, when this

[1] gluttony = eating too much.
[2] soporific = causing sleep.
[3] Carnera = a famous, gigantic, heavy-weight boxer.
[4] trudged = walked wearily.

is done, a local committee at every seaside town will take the sedentary[1] visitor in hand and show him how he can enjoy himself without tiring himself. I certainly do not know how. I cannot enjoy myself on a holiday without ending the day as a physical wreck. Golf is an innocent-looking game; but I must say that if I felt as exhausted after a day's work in the office as I did after a day's golf in Cornwall I should denounce my employers as tyrants. You may guess how strenuous the golf was from the fact that on the first morning my opponent and I took two hours and a half to get round nine holes. It was real hammer-and-tongs[2] stuff, with no quarter[3] given to the ball, the air, or anything else.

I think the most exhausting part of golf, perhaps, is the stooping required to take the balls out of the hole. This unnatural posture, when practised repeatedly, overworks a number of hitherto unsuspected sinews, which protest at the end of the day by simulating[4] a number of the symptoms of lumbago and sciatica. And the dreadfull thing is that, when once one has begun, one cannot stop playing. There is no hope of relief except in a return to work.

Yet there was plenty to occupy an indolent man, if one had had the strength of character to be indolent. There were curlews[5] and sanderlings[5] and ringed plovers[5] on the tide-deserted sands, but it takes a man of powerful will to trouble about curlews when there is a golf-course within reach. Later, in Devonshire, there were buzzards[5] mewing overhead and a raven[5] croaking, but who with a wild and never-to-be-fulfilled dream of getting on to the first green in one[6] has time to pay much attention to buzzards and ravens?

[1] sedentary = accustomed to sitting.
[2] hammer-and-tongs = going at it with all our might.
[3] quarter = mercy.
[4] simulating = imitating.
[5] curlews, sanderlings, ringed plovers, buzzards, ravens = kinds of birds.
[6] in one = in one stroke.

I used to be able to take a restful holiday when I was young, but, now that I am middle-aged and believe in the virtue of fresh air and exercise and all that sort of thing, I can no more take a restful holiday than I could swim the Atlantic.

Now that I am back at work, I am beginning to feel much better. Every muscle is already subsiding into a delicious inactivity. I am borne[1] lazily from place to place on the top of a bus instead of working like a navvy in pursuit of a small white ball. I can watch the pink clouds above the setting sun from the office window without regarding them as an invitation to take yet another unnecessary walk. I can do all my work sitting and even with my feet on the table. The only muscles that I need exercise are the muscles of my fingers and my wrist as I guide the pencil across the paper; and a great golfer or oarsman would think nothing of this. A lift is provided to save me from the drudgery of climbing, so common on a holiday. I can go home in the evening and not budge[2] out of the house again till bedtime with a perfectly clear conscience.

Who can deny that there is much to be said for the working life? To have escaped from the tyranny of fresh air and exercise—is not this, perhaps, to have gained something? One more I am my own master—more or less. More, at least, than during any holiday I have had for years.

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. ultimate	6. involve	11. leisure
2. inseparable	7. exhausting	12. physical
3. formidable	8. novice	13. strenuous
4. kipper	9. steep	14. opponent
5. temptation	10. ruffle	15. stoop (not *stop*)

[1] borne=carried, taken (verb *to bear*).

[2] budge=move a little.

16. symptom
17. croak
18. muscle
19. navvy (not *navy*)
20. drudgery
21. budge
22. tyranny

II. Fill in the missing words. The "clues" are given in italics :

1. Work is the ultimate — (*rest or amusement after work*) of the really lazy man.
2. When I am on holiday my — (*inner feeling which tells one of right and wrong*) will not permit me to have breakfast in bed.
3. The menu which a waiter hands you in a hotel is an invitation to — (*eating too much*).
4. Your will is weak as a result of the — (*causing sleep*) effects of early rising.
5. Because you are on your holiday you cannot sit down like a — (*having common sense*) being and work.
6. As I — (*walked wearily*) along the coast road on foot I could not help wishing that some less — (*needing much effort or strength*) form of exercise had been discovered.
7. If I felt as — (*completely tired*) after a day's work in the office as I did after a day's golf in Cornwall, I should — (*speak against*) my employers as — (*cruel and unjust rulers*).
8. This unnatural — (*way of holding the body*) when practised repeatedly — (*gives too much work to*) a number of hitherto unsuspected — (*strong threads fixing a muscle to a bone*).
9. Yet there was plenty to occupy an — (*not wanting to work*) man.
10. Every muscle is already — (*sinking down, becoming quiet*) into a delicious — (*state of not doing anything*).

III. Insert the prepositions required :

1. — the rigours — doing nothing — a month how peaceful it seems to be sitting once more — a desk — an armchair.
2. When I return — work — a holiday I have breakfast sent up — me — bed.
3. How different — the miseries — early rising inseparable — a holiday.
4. Walking is one — the most exhausting — exercises if persisted — by the novice — long periods.
5. The best view — the bay may be — a chair — a window — your hotel but when — holiday you cannot help believing that it is — the corner.
6. As I trudged — its coast road — foot, I wished some less strenuous form — exercise had been discovered.
7. My pedestrian hours were — 10 A.M. — 10 P.M. — intervals — meals and ride — a merry-go-round.
8. Professor Julian Huxley has been writing — the necessity — organising leisure.
9. A local committee will take the visitor — hand and show him how he can enjoy himself — ending the day as a physical wreck.
10. The sinews protest — the end — the day — simulating the symptoms — lumbago.
11. I am borne lazily — place — place — the top — a bus instead — working — a navvy — pursuit — a small white ball.
12. I can watch the pink clouds — the setting sun — the office window — regarding them as an invitation to take an unneccessary walk.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Holidays.
II. The best (or worst) holiday you have ever had.
III. Discuss Robert Lynd's point of view in this essay.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "QUEEN MARY"

(*Launched*, 1934, *by Queen Mary, wife of George V*)

By J. B. PRIESTLEY (1894-)

Mr Priestley is perhaps the most successful of all modern novelists. He has an observant eye, a lively power of description, and the gift of making interesting anything that he touches. In 1925 he wrote an excellent volume of criticism, *The English Comic Characters*, and later two novels, *Adam in Moonlight* and *Benighted*; but his fame came in 1929 with *The Good Companions*. It doubtful whether in the recent history of novel-writing any book has had such an overwhelming success. He followed this by *Angel Pavement*, which though not so successful as *The Good Companions*, is held by some critics to be a better novel. Since then he has written, among other things, *Faraway*, *Wonder Hero*, *Daylight on Saturday*, *Festival at Farbridge* ; about twenty plays, the best, perhaps, being *Eden End*, *I Have Been Here Before*, *Johnson Over Jordan*, *The Linden Tree*, *An Inspector Calls* ; a survey of England, *English Journey*, rich in observation, humour, and pathos ; and two " chapters of autobiography, " *Midnight on the Desert* and *Rain upon Gadshill*. As a novelist his strength lies in the picaresque form—a form made popular in English fiction by Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, and Thackeray—his heroes generally set off on a journey and encounter adventures and characters by the way, and if his characters do not develop much in the process, the adventures are narrated with rare gusto and vitality, with humorous and ironic comment and a wonderful observation of all kinds of men and women.

I have seen the launch of the " Queen Mary." I got wet through. My only silk hat and my only morning coat are both ruined. I suspect rheumatism in my left shoulder. But I do not mind. I have seen the launch of the " Queen Mary."

Long before I reached the shipyard I knew it was going to be a grand sight. I caught my first glimpse of the ship from the Great Western Road.

There she was, towering high above Clydebank, a steel town in grey and maroon paint. None of the photographs had done her justice. She was bigger than one's imagination had drawn her.

Even looking at her from that distance you felt that if she slipped sideways half Clydebank would be instantly destroyed.

Once inside the shipyard the great curved hull climbed to the sky like the side of a cathedral. In that tremendous presence we crawled about like tiny beetles. We could not believe that we should ever have the presumption to book passages in her. She seemed to have been built for bigger and better creatures than we are.

She was not only much larger than any ship we had ever seen before, but—what is more important—she was also a thing of grace, of beauty. You saw a giantess with the proportions of a nymph.

The curves of the vast prow made you glad to be alive. As you stood there looking up and wondering, you saw sheer beauty in steel. It was hard to believe that this glorious thing had somehow been created in those dingy[1] higgledy-piggledy[2] sheds.

There seemed to be no more connection between the two than there might be between a broken matchbox and a great crimson rose. There is no doubt that it is in these triumphant feats of engineering that the soul of our age expresses itself.

Here, I thought, as I looked upward, wondered and admired, is our nearest approach to the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages. Every line in this 1,000-ft. long tower of steel is purposeful and every line is beautiful.

We took up our positions on the launching platform.

[1] dingy = dirty.

[2] higgledy-piggledy = untidy.

Though tilted at a decided angle, the ship looked solidly fixed. Impossible to believe that any amount of button-pressing would ever make that colossal mass slide into the river.

I noticed the decorated bottle of wine hanging high above our heads ready to be swung against that grey steel wall.

I looked down from the platform and saw the 2,000 tons of coiled chains waiting to take the strain of her pull in the water. A complicated machine only a few yards away was described to me as the hydraulic press that would force her down the slipway.[1]

Over on the other banks were stands and fields full of cars. There was the noise of a band somewhere. The tugs[2] hooted uneasily.

Then we waited, keeping an eye on the glass-enclosed space built to receive Royalty. Having our best clothes on we all pretended to be very important, but in our hearts we knew we were nothing of the kind. This was not our day. It was the day of this beautiful steel monster, as big as a town, which they told me had now "found herself," for she had been softly groaning all night, so anxious was she to take to her natural element —the water.

It was also the day of the thousands of good folks who were pouring into the stands at each side—the men of the Clyde who had built the ship. She had suddenly come to mean a lot to us, so many mere spectators, but she meant infinitely more to them, for they had laboured at her, dreamed over her for months and months.

Just as she dominated the whole town, so had she dominated their lives, taking toll of their skill and strength week by week, and giving in return rent and groceries and tobacco and money for the pictures and the

[1] slipway=passage down which a new ship moves into the sea.
[2] tugs=small ships used to pull larger ones.

football matches. And she had given them an increasing self-respect, a further proof that there on the Clyde they could do a great job in the grand manner.

Then, as we waited, the sky, which had been heavy and grey for the last hour or two—" engineer's weather," somebody called it—thickened and curdled.[1] It began to rain, and rain hard. It rained and rained, real dour[2] Scotch stuff.

In ten minutes I lost my enthusiasm. Within another ten minutes I had lost all hope. I was simply a wet, disagreeable man, vainly trying to dodge the spouting of neighbouring umbrellas, who heartily wished he was somewhere a long way off.

Nothing seemed to happen but rain and more rain. It says something for the ceremony which followed that it could lift me out of such a mood. And it did lift me out of it. I clean forgot that it was raining and that my hat and coat were ruined and that I was wet to the skin, miles from anywhere.

Cheering became nearer and nearer and louder and louder. Then Royalty, all in blue, could be seen through the streaming windows of the enclosure.

An address of welcome by Sir Percy Bates[3] could be heard above the noisy downpour.

Then a speech from the King, not caught in its entirety, though I heard enough to realise that there were some good apt phrases in it.

And now it was Her Majesty's turn. Dodging this way and that and receiving further streams of water down my neck—I could see her approaching a special microphone.

The rain relented and allowed us to hear her saying clearly that this ship would be called the " Queen Mary."

[1] curdled = looked like milk that has thickened and gone sour.
[2] dour = grim and persistent (*a Scotch word*).
[3] Sir Percy Bates. Chairman of the company that owns the ship.

And now inside that glass enclosure mysterious and wonder-working electric buttons were being pushed.

Above her ears a cord snapped and a decorated bottle, apparently aware of the dignity of the occasion, quite deliberately swung itself against the great steel wall, smashing itself truly and well (thus averting all bad luck) and spouted wine into the water.

The launching had begun.

The great ship groaned. It was like a whole town in travail.[1] Great timbers were smashed like matchwood. It moved. Yes, it actually moved. One waited in suffocated excitement. It moved more slowly at first, but soon it gathered speed. The massive coils of chain were suddenly galvanised[2] into life and writhed[3] like worms. They sent up clouds of rust like red-brown smoke. She had reached the water. She liked the water. She knew it was her own element. Oh!—she did it beautifully.

And so she was no longer something elaborately propped up on land, but a ship in the water, proud and free, the greatest and —I will swear—the most beautiful ship in the whole world, the most tremendous vessel ever designed and created by man.

For two hours, standing on this platform, we stared at an enormous grey wall, but once she had slipped away we saw far below, beneath a copse[4] of tall cranes,[5] a crowd we had never dreamed of—10,000 faces.

Perhaps it was the emotion of the moment, but it seemed then as if one were staring at a vision of humanity, planning and cussing[6] and sweating, hoping and fearing, and every now and then—as in this instance—suddenly achieving something grand, purposeful and beautiful.

[1] travail = childbirth.
[2] writhed = twisted.
[3] cranes = machines for raising heavy things.
[4] cussing = swearing, grumbling (*slang*).
[5] galvanised = as if by an electric shock.
[6] copse = small forest.

There she was safely in the water with the tugs fussing round her. They were cheering all along both banks. Somewhere a band was playing "Rule Britannia."

The King and Queen were walking along the high covered way and as they went hats were raised and voices lifted in their honour. Men who had grown grey in the shipyard were waiting there to be introduced to them. The crowd below was cheering itself hoarse.

The "Queen Mary" was moving in the water majestically. The enormous moulding loft had been transformed into a vast dining-room prettily hung with green and white curtains and flags, and there we assembled to drink tea and champagne, to toast this fine fellow and the other fine fellow, to listen to two excellent speeches.

It was all very well done, but nevertheless it was an anticlimax after the great emotional moment of the actual launching. A noble creature had been born into the world.

I am no friend to pageantry, but if there must be pageantry then this is the kind for me. The pageantry that celebrates not empty victories, not the idle pomp of power, but the work at once purposeful and beautiful of men's hands and brains.

This is the pageantry of the new age of communal industry. So what do a ruined top-hat and morning coat matter? After all, they belong to yesterday.

The "Queen Mary" is of to-morrow. We ought to be proud of her and of the men who made her.

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. launch	4. presumption	7. tilted
2. glimpse	5. nymph	8. coil
3. maroon	6. feat	9. anxious

10. infinitely
11. dominate
12. self-respect
13. dodge
14. downpour
15. relent
16. avert
17. elaborate
18. fuss
19. toast (*two meanings*)
20. pageant

II. Mention ten things connected with ships and shipping. There are more than ten in this extract.

III. Make these sentences (1) negative, (2) interrogative, *e.g.* :

Affirmative—I got wet through.
Negative—I didn't get wet through.
Interrogative—Did I get wet through?

1. I caught a glimpse of the ship from the Great Western Road.
2. She was bigger than one's imagination had drawn her.
3. She seemed to have been built for better creatures than we are.
4. You saw a giantess with the proportions of a nymph.
5. It was hard to believe this glorious thing had been created in those sheds.
6. We took up our positions on the launching platform.
7. Though tilted at an angle the ship looked solidly fixed.
8. I forgot that my hat and coat were ruined.
9. The ship knew that the water was her element.
10. We ought to be proud of the ship.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. The launching of the "Queen Mary"—as told by the ship herself.

II. Write a conversation between the "Queen Mary" and the "Santa Maria" in which Columbus first crossed the Atlantic.

III. Write an account, trying as far as possible to capture the vivid style of Priestley, of any public ceremony or pageant that you have seen.

I AM A HIGHBROW[1]

By ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894-

Few living authors could be more suited to put the case for the "Highbrow" than Mr Aldous Huxley. But heredity how could it be otherwise? He is the grandson of the great Victorian scientist, Thomas Huxley; his great-uncle was Matthew Arnold; his aunt, Mrs Humphrey Ward, was a famous novelist in her day; his father was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and his brother, Professor Julian Huxley, is our most celebrated biologist. His early upbringing, too, was, as he says, "perhaps excessively intellectual," and he was—again in his own words—"conventionally educated at Eton and Oxford."

After a training in journalism on the staff of the *Atheneum* and the *Westminister Gazette*, where he wrote dramatic, musical and art criticism, articles on house decoration and architecture, reviews of novels or biographical notes, he published (1916) a volume of poems, *The Burning Wheel*. Then followed other poems, *Arabia Infelix*; novels, *Antic Hay*, *Those Barren Leaves*, *Point Counterpoint* (perhaps his best), *Brave New World*, and *Eyeless in Gaza*, *Time must have a Stop*, *Ape and Essence*; essays, *Brief Candles*, *Do What you Will*; biography, *The Devils of Loudun*, and a volume of the letters of D. H. Lawrence which he edited, and to which he wrote a scholarly and most sympathetic introduction.

He is perhaps, a better essayist than a novelist, for he is not so much interested in the unfolding of story or the development of character as in the brilliant exposition of his ideas and the satirising with irony and pungent wit the follies and shortcomings of the age. This he does with moral earnestness united to a detachment from conventional moral standards, with complete absence of sentiment, intellectual keenness, and astonishing learning. His novels may not be to the taste of everyone, but no intelligent man can afford to neglect to read them

[1] See page 210.

To a great extent, of course, it is just a matter of taste. I am a highbrow for the same reason that I am an eater of strawberries. I enjoy the eating of strawberries and I enjoy the processes and experiences which are commonly qualified by the name of "highbrow."

Conversely, I am not a lowbrow, because I do not enjoy lowbrow processes and experiences. Thus I derive a great deal less pleasure from jazz and thrillers[1] than from the music, let us say, of Beethoven or the novels, for example, of Dostoievsky ; and the sex appeal of the girls on the covers of magazines seems to me less thrilling than the more complicated appeal to a great variety of feelings made by a Rubens, an El Greco, a Constable, a Seurat.

Again, I find the watching of horse racing or football matches less agreeable as an occupation than the acquisition and co-ordination of knowledge. Reading seems to me more entertaining than bridge or cross-word puzzles. And the slaughtering of animals for fun is a pastime that leaves me either cold with disgust or hot with indignation.

There is no disputing, says the proverb, about tastes —though, in fact, human beings spend at least half their leisure doing nothing else—and if highbrowism and lowbrowism were exclusively (as it is certain that they are in great part) matters of individual taste, there would be no more to say about them than what I have said in the preceding lines.

But more than mere taste is at stake[2]; and, realising this, the supporters of either party have rationalised their preferences in terms of arguments that involve an appeal to more objective standards than those of a simple personal preference.

Thus lowbrows are never weary of condemning highbrows for their "inhumanity," nor of admiring themselves

[1] thrillers = very exciting books.
[2] at stake = in danger of being lost.

for being so admirably "human." At the same time they argue that they must be in the right, because they are so much more numerous than the highbrows. To the attacks of the lowbrows (attacks which have grown increasingly vocal and violent in the course of the last few years) the highbrows generally reply in a tone of patronising contempt.

They start, like the Pharisee in the parable, by thanking God that they are not as other men are, and proceed to paint a picture of those other men, hardly more flattering than that which Swift[1] painted of the Yahoos.[2] Then, explicitly or implicitly, they associate their highbrowism with virtue, and speak of their own learned refinement as good and of their adversaries' ignorance and crudity as bad.

Each party's arguments seem to me equally futile and each party's emotional attitude equally deplorable. Thus the lowbrows' appeal to numbers cuts no ice[3] at all. In 1600 the earth was not the centre of the universe because the majority then supposed it was; nor, because she had more readers, was Ella Wheeler Wilcox[4] a better poet than Father Hopkins.[5]

As for the lowbrows' claim to be specially "human," I for one have never been able to understand why it should be "inhuman" to use the faculties that distinguish us from pigs and geese and "human" to use those which we share with the lower animals.

The highbrows reverse the numerical argument and imply that, because they are so few, they must therefore be right. But where they chiefly offend is in their

[1] Swift = great English satirist, writer of *Gulliver's Travels*.

[2] The Yahoos were brutish, degraded creatures, human in form, who were subject to the Houyhnhnms, the horses with human reason.

[3] cuts no ice = is of no effect (*slang*).

[4] Ella Wheeler Wilcox, popular American writer of sentimental verse.

[5] Gerald Manly Hopkins (1844-89), English poet. His best-known poem, *Pied Beauty*, is full of subtle and original beauties of thought and sound.

pharisaical self-congratualation and contempt for others. In the past, the highbrows were alone in expressing a feeling of superiority; the lowbrows humbly accepted the position assigned to them.

Recently, however, there has been a change, and lowbrows now adopt towards highbrows exactly the same attitude as highbrows have always adopted towards them. Each highbrow did and does congratulate himself on being unique in his unlikeness to other men; and conversely each lowbrow now congratulates himself on being in some mystical way unique in his likeness—on being, so to say, outstandingly average and extraordinarily ordinary. The snarlings of their respective egotisms add yet another discordant note to the contemporary babel.

In point of fact, the question of rightness or wrongness simply does not enter into the dispute. The difference between highbrows and lowbrows is essentially quantitative,[1] not qualitative. In certain respects (though not, perhaps, in others) the life of the highbrow is fuller than that of the lowbrow.

He is interested in a greater number and a greater variety of things; and his knowledge enables him rationally to co-ordinate more facts of experience than the lowbrow can do. The lowbrow lives in a world where events are isolated and unconnected; the highbrow, in one where knowledge has fused[2] these isolated happenings into what is at least a partially comprehensible whole.

In a certain sense, even the works of art admired by highbrows are quantitatively more considerable than the works admired by lowbrows. A Dostoievsky novel contains, explicitly or by implication, all that a thriller contains, plus a great deal more.

The emotionalism which makes popular music popular is there in the best music, but transformed, refined and

[1] quantitative, *i.e.*, in the amount or quantity, not in the kind or quality (qualitative).

[2] fused = joined together.

given a general significance by its association with other things. The works of art appreciated by highbrows are in general qualitatively superior to those appreciated by lowbrows; and the effort to comprehend qualitatively superior work leads to an enrichment, a filling out of experience.

But even if these works were not qualitatively superior, they would still contribute to a fullness of experience by being quantitatively more substantial and extensive.

Now the fuller life is not, as such, good; nor, as such, is the emptier life bad. Any kind of life is only the raw material out of which individuals can make goodness or badness. Whether the relatively full life of highbrows is a more suitable material out of which to manufacture goodness than the relatively empty life of lowbrows, I do not know; but I think that, on the whole, it may be.

That its content,[1] judged by aesthetic[2] and scientific standards, is intrinsically[3] richer and more significant than the content of the typical lowbrow life, seems to me to be unquestionable.

No less obvious is the fact there are great numbers of people so constituted or so brought up that they cannot get so much pleasure out of processes and experiences which result in a rich, significant life, as they can get out of processes and experiences resulting in a poorer life less full of meaning.

We are back again where we started, among the tastes and capacities of the individual.

EXERCISES

A "highbrow" is a person who is interested in serious intellectual things, or perhaps pretends that he is for the

[1] content = what it contains. [2] æsthetic = concerned with beauty.
[3] intrinsically = in itself.

feeling of importance and self-satisfaction that it gives him. Some time ago there was a competition in the *Observer* in which competitors were asked to supply definitions of a highbrow.

The two points of view—that of Mr Huxley, who looks upon the term as a compliment, and that of Mr Frankau, who considers it rather as a term of abuse—were both represented.

Here are some of the entries which support Mr Huxley. On p. 217 are some which take Mr Frankau's side. For permission to reproduce them I am indebted to the editor of the *Observer*.

"Highbrow" is the term in which we try to hide our envy of the man whose knowledge makes us conscious of our own ignorance.

"Highbrow"—the sneer of the lazy-minded.

A word used by the vulgar, slipshod, and illiterate to describe any manifestation of orginality which is above their understanding.

A highbrow is a person who, interested exclusively in intellectual matters, is given this name in envy, contempt, or reproach by people whose interests are otherwise.

One who would make the popular unpopular, and the unpopular popular.

Sees a little, knows a little,
Thinks a little more
Than the simple, law-abiding
Citizen next door.

I. Use the following words in sentences:

1. conversely
2. acquisition
3. slaughter
4. indignation
5. preceding
6. preference
7. argue
8. numerous
9. explicitly
10. implicitly
11. crudity
12. futile
13. deplorable
14. pharisaical
15. unique

16. snarl
17. discordant
18. babel
19. rational
20. co-ordinate
21. isolated
22. transform
23. typical
24. obvious
25. significant

II. Make nouns connected with these verbs :

1. enjoy
2. derive
3. please
4. acquire
5. entertain
6. realise
7. prefer
8. condemn
9. admire
10. argue
11. grow
12. proceed
13. flatter
14. speak
15. distinguish
16. imply
17. offend
18. express
19. congratulate
20. live
21. contain
22. refine
23. transform
24. signify
25. associate
26. extend
27. judge

III. Make each of these groups of short sentences into one sentence :

1. (*a*) Any kind of life is raw material.
   (*b*) Out of this raw material we can make goodness or badness.
2. (*a*) Highbrows appreciate works of art.
   (*b*) These works of art are superior to those appreciated by lowbrows.
3. (*a*) Emotionalism makes popular music popular.
   (*b*) Emotionalism is there in the best music.
4. (*a*) The lowbrow lives in a world.
   (*b*) In this world events are siolated and unconnected.
5. (*a*) The highbrow lives in a world.
   (*b*) In this world knowledge has fused these isolated happenings.
   (*c*) They are now a partially comprehensible whole.

6. (*a*) There is no disputing about tastes.
   (*b*) The proverb says so.
   (*c*) Human beings spend half their leisure doing nothing else.
7. (*a*) Lowbrows condemn highbrows for their inhumanity.
   (*b*) They are never weary of condemning them.
   (*c*) They are never weary of admiring themselves.
   (*d*) They admire themselves because they are so "human."

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

Write an essay on one of these :

1. The delight of great books, or music, or pictures.
2. Things that interest you.
3. "Any kind of life is only the raw material out of which individuals can make goodness or badness."

I AM A LOWBROW

By GILBERT FRANKAU (1884-1952)

Gilbert Frankau had no pretensions to being a "literary man." He was a teller of tales that grip you from the first page and hold you interested to the last one. He may not have been interested in minute psychological analysis of his characters, but he had had a wide and varied experience of life, had mixed with men, and could use the knowledge he had gained thereby to give a convincing picture of the ordinary normal man of the world. He has a large number of novels to his credit, his best, perhaps, being *Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant*, published in 1919. Some later Capital stories of his are *Gerald Cranston's Lady ; Life—and Erica ; Wine, Women, and Waiters*, and *Three Englishmen.*

I am overtempted to quote against Mr Huxley :

> I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way,
> Or male and female devilkins[1] to lead my feet astray.
> If these are added, I rejoice—if not, I shall not mind,
> So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind.
> For as we come and as we go (and deadly-soon go we !)
> The People, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me.

But that is Kipling, whom the sight of gallant men on gallant horses pelting[2] over high timber at the risk of their necks in pursuit of a fox fills neither with cold disgust nor hot indignation !

Besides, Kipling ends his poem :

> Deliver me from every pride—the Middle, High, and Low—
> That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride he show.

So I prefer to sympathise with Mr Huxley and his brother highbrows because, really, they do miss such a lot of fun.

I cannot agree with my fellow-novelist, you see, that the life of the highbrow is relatively fuller than the life of the lowbrow. I believe it to be emptier.

And when he says that his "content" is intrinsically richer and more significant than mine, the very use of that word "significant" (hall-mark of all highbrows) gives me a slight pain.

For to me every manifestation of life is equally significant—whether it be a manly sport or those "private symbols" which our modern poets use to shield their private emotions from the contaminating crowd.

I cannot understand why Aldous Huxley should believe himself a better man than I am—or even than Gunga Din[3]—because he finds the sex appeal of a Harrison Fisher[4] girl less thrilling than that of a seventeenth-century beauty as depicted by Rubens.

[1] devilkins=little devils. [2] pelting=running hard, galloping.
[3] Gunga Din=an allusion to a poem by Kipling which ends "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."
[4] Harrison Fisher, illustrator of American magazine covers.

Neither does it seem to me a proof of virtue that his book entertains him more than my bridge,[1] while his statement that human beings spend at least half their leisure in disputing about tastes does not smack,[2] to my essentially lowbrow mind, of the truth.

Highbrows may delight in such discussions, but for us, presumably lower organisms, the scant hours of leisure are too precious to waste in idle talk.

We are the Sons of Martha,[3] and most of our day is spent in toil. Released from toil, we demand our simple enjoyments, claiming nothing for those enjoyments except that they help to relax either mind or body—for we lowbrows are still humble folk.

Mr Huxley is wrong—and possibly just a little too self-conscious—when he imagines us snarling at him for his enjoyment of Beethoven or Dostoievsky. We are quite content for him to have his symphonies and his Russian novels if only he will leave us alone with our jazz and our detective stories.

But the trouble is that he won't, and that he simply cannot get it into his great brain that our interests are just as wide as, and possibly even wider than, his own.

He claims the larger experience, and that we live in a world where events are "isolated and unconnected." He maintains that his knowledge can fuse "isolated happenings into what is at least a partly comprehensible whole."

I suggest the Apostle's "Much learning doth make thee mad."

We lowbrows do not believe overmuch in learning—unless it is the study of our own particular trade. We hold that life is a simple affair of work and play, and that in almost every difficulty conscience and common sense are the truest guides.

[1] bridge=card game. [2] smack=taste, have the quality.
[3] The reference is to a poem by Kipling, *The Sons of Martha*.

And although we share Mr Huxley's respect for true science, which deals with material phenomena, we hold, with the dead satirist, that all Art is apt to be useless—unless the artist can convey the complexity of his own experience in simple words, in simple sounds, in simple brush-strokes, to us.

In this attitude towards Art, it seems to my small brain, has germinated the one and only quarrel between the highbrow and the lowbrow. The lowbrow says, in effect, "Be clear"; the highbrow, "It is clear, if only you weren't such a moron."[1]

This is mere ju-juism.[2] This is mere snobbery. Yet it is worthy of a lowbrow's sympathy, because most of us practise our ju-jus. Most of us are given to a little harmless snobbery when we ply our own particular trade.

There was never a good workman without a slight superiority complex. The motor mechanic who tunes your engine is just as keen to make his craft a mystery as the surgeon who operates on your body or the barrister who conducts your case.

So why shouldn't the author[3] of such fine books as *Point Counterpoint* and *Brave New World* indulge his superiority complex? Why shouldn't he bear 'mid snow and ice his banner with that strange device, "Significant"?[4]

I, a humble lowbrow, admire him all the more for it—even if I do hold that he might be a better artist if he could sympathise with the roaring crowd at a Cup Final.[5]

But perhaps he does. Perhaps, secretly, he even envies the tired business man wrestling with his cross-word puzzle.

[1] moron = person of sub-normal intelligence.
[2] Ju-ju is West African superstition, magic charm.
[3] Aldous Huxley.
[4] "'mid snow and ice, etc." Allusion to Longfellow's poem *Excelsior*.
[5] Cup Final = football match to decide the holders of the Football Association Cup, the most popular match in England.

For all heights are lonely. And surely even Mr Huxley must yearn, every now and again amidst his snow and ice, for the warm companionship of kindly, ordinary, everyday men and women, the kind who pick his strawberries for him—and might even read poetry if only a true poet would write to them in simple language of the simple things they know and love!

EXERCISES

Here are some further definitions of the highbrow, not complimentary to him, from the *Observer* competition :

One who has plunged into the sacred fountain of learning—and come up dry.

An intelligent, theoretical, lofty mind that rarely possesses the softening influences of sympathy and humility that go towards the perfecting of knowledge.

A person who approves while others enjoy.

An intellectual, lacking wisdom to disguise his superiority.

A person educated above his intelligence.

The pride of knowledge overcoming the humility of wisdom.

I. Try definitions similar to these, or those on p. 211, of the following :—

1. gentleman
2. a lady
3. a sportsman
4. a patriot
5. a financier
6. a statesman
7. an optimist
8. a pessimist
9. an organiser
10. an artist

II. Use these words in sentences :

1. pursuit
2. disgust
3. sympathise
4. manly
5. contaminate
6. precious

7. relax
8. snarl
9. phenomena (*note that this is a plural*)
10. satirist
11. complexity
12. snobbery
13. surgeon
14. envy
15. yearn

III. Explain the difference between sentence (*a*) and sentence (*b*) in each of the following groups :—

1. (*a*) Few people like "highbrow " music.
   (*b*) A few people like "highbrow " music.
2. (*a*) He has little time for detective novels.
   (*b*) He has a little time for detective novels.
3. (*a*) I am at least honest about what books I like.
   (*b*) I am at last honest about what books I like.
4. (*a*) Dostoievsky's novels are too difficult for me.
   (*b*) Dostoievsky's novels are difficult for me, too.
5. (*a*) Deliver me from pride that bars me from my brother's side.
   (*b*) Deliver me from pride that bars me from my brothers' side.
6. (*a*) For hunting foxes he has a black-and-white horse.
   (*b*) For hunting foxes he has a black and a white horse.
7. (*a*) Mr Huxley alone listened to the Beethoven sonata.
   (*b*) Mr Huxley listened to the Beethoven sonata, alone.
8. (*a*) Poets use these symbols to sheild their emotion from the crowd.
   (*b*) Poets used to have these symbols to shield their emotions from the crowd.
9. (*a*) Everyday men and women read Mr Frankau's books.
   (*b*) Every day men and women read Mr Frankau's books.

10. (*a*) Sometimes I read Mr Huxley's books.
(*b*) It is some time since I read Mr Huxley's books.

IV. How do these sentences differ from each other?

(*a*) I like only Kipling's poem.
(*b*) Only I like Kipling's poem.
(*c*) I like Kipling's only poem.
(*d*) I like Kipling's poem only.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Give your opinions on "highbrow" *versus* "low-brow."

II. Describe any great picture you have seen.

III. What are the essentials of a good book, or play, or piece of music, or picture?

IV. "Art is apt to be useless—unless the artist can convey the complexity of his own experiences in simple words, in simple sounds, in simple brush-strokes, to us." Do you think this is true? Discuss the question.

SAD SECRETARY

By IVOR BROWN (1891-)

Ivor Brown is one of the most brilliant essayists of to-day. He has been dramatic critic and leader writer for the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Observer*, and the *Week End Review*, and Lecturer in the Art of the Theatre at Liverpool University. His essays, *e.g.*, *Brown Studies*, *Now on View*, *I Commit to the Flames*, are all characterised by the vigour of his views and by the intense individuality of his epigrammatic allusive style.

In addition to essays he has written two books on politics, *The Meaning of Democracy* and *English Political Theory*, a study

of H. G. Wells, an outstanding one on Shakespeare, the novels *Years of Plenty*, *Marine Parade*, *Master Sanguine*, and some fascinating books on "words," *A Word in Your Ear*, *Just Another Word*, *I Give You My Word*, *A Word in Edgeways*, etc.

At this time of the year there is one who wears an especial look of concern. He (or she) is thinking hard and writing hard and getting very little thanks. This busy person signs his letters "Hon.[1] Sec.," and just at present he is signing those letters in great numbers, became he is under obligation to arrange the winter's fixtures[2] and to get the list printed as soon as may be. The telephone may quicken some of the labours, but it hardly lightens them, since by its power to interrupt it usually wastes quite as much time as it otherwise saves. Our "Hon. Sec." may be fixing up games or dances, lectures or classes, dinners or debates. Whatever it is, the secretary has a right to look a trifle sad in September, for no sooner has he fixed things, up than the dropping-out[3] begins. The "sorry-it-can't-be-managed" messages arrive and all's to do again.

* * *

An honorary task and an honourable term.[4] The secretary orginally was the trusted employee who held secrets of State or was the confidant of some mighty one. The word could be used in metaphor of a thing as well as of a person. The Elizabethan in distress, when getting things off his chest[5] or baying[6] at the moon, could talk of the night as "sad secretary to my moans."[7] The secretary

[1] Hon. = abbreviation for "Honorary," *i.e.*, without pay.
[2] fixtures = arrangements of games, etc.
[3] To drop out = to ask to be excused from some engagement.
[4] term = title.
[5] getting things off his chest = saying what he wanted to say (*slang*).
[6] baying = literally howling like a dog in the moonlight: metaphorically, uttering melancholy love speeches.
[7] "sad secretary, etc." The quotation is from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (1594).

of a club or a society still has to receive a good deal of confidential whispering, and probably he would like more of these secret approaches and less blustering attacks. There are always some that think the poor fellow is fair game[1]; there is no close season[2] for sniping at the secretary-bird, who may be shot sitting, with no shame, it seems, to the peevish marksman. If the carpet has a hole, if the tap leaks, if a chop is tough, then, plainly, the secretary has been grossly inefficient in the crafts of upholstery, plumbing, and catering, and what is he there for? The answer seems to be that secretary-birds inhabit the same wilderness as scapegoats.[3] One is not surprised that occasionally there is revolt in the desert[4] and Colonel Crumble is sent away with a flea in his ear.[5] But, on the whole, secretaries are marvellously patient folk, who have perfected the arts of suffering the fool and bearing with[6] the bore.

* * *

This sort, you may say, are paid; but not, as a rule, very much. If work were rewarded according to its pains, which it rarely is, secretaries would mostly qualify for a rise, and that to come rapidly. But the amazing thing in our social life is the willingness of people to take on this galling[7] task for no money at all, and usually for very little thanks. About all the "Hon. Sec." ever acquires in the way of gratitude is the epithet "popular" on formal occasions, and perhaps a piece of plate[8] and some kindly sentiments recorded on parchment when

[1] fair game = a proper subject for being attacked or made ridiculous.
[2] close season = a time when it is illegal to kill game.
[3] scapegoat = one that bears the blame of the rest.
[4] T. E. Lawrence wrote a famous book called *Revolt in the Desert*.
[5] sent away with a flea in his ear = having been told a few unpleasant truths.
[6] bearing with = enduring patiently.
[7] galling = bitter and painful.
[8] a piece of plate = a silver dish, etc.

he retires. "Our popular secretary" is inevitably mentioned at the annual meeting by those who have been his chief pests during the year. For the rest, he is expected to go on writing letters, answering the telephone, being tactful, keeping his temper, and generally helping to preserve and to promote some cause or club. That he will do so cheerfully and cheaply is taken for granted. The staggering thing is that he does it.

* * *

Let "Hon. Sec." be honoured. It is splendid for the rest of us that such people exist. We, who refuse to add to our own labours all the fuss and fret of running a society, must rejoice in the never-falling appearance of those who will. You may say that their motives are not purely altruistic,[1] that the secretary-bird, who gets so little nourishment from us, feeds on his own self-importance, that Jack-in-Office[2] is a happy little tyrant. It may happen so occasionally; there are always some who will endure the wretched boredom of committee-work because they like to conceive themselves as wise counsellors, and to behave as eloquent counsellors, too. But the "Hon. Sec." who is now arranging the winter activities of class and club, study circle and festive group, is mainly animated by a simple and good-natured desire to be of some use. Let us put no more upon this benefactor than need be; let us not make him "secretary to our moans." Let us even try to prevent him looking sad in September, when he is discovering. on our behalf, a new definition of the word "fixture," namely, something that you cannot fix.

[1] altruistic=unselfish.

[2] Jack-in-Office=a conceited official taking advantage of his position to be self-important.

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. concern
2. interrupt
3. metaphor
4. blustering
5. sniper
6. peevish
7. leak
8. tough
9. inefficient
10. upholstery
11. plumbing
12. catering
13. bore (*note all the meanings*)
14. galling
15. pest
16. tactful
17. staggering
18. eloquent
19. benefactor
20. definition

II. Distinguish between :

1. wear, were, where
2. present, present
3. to light, to lighten
4. save, safe
5. honorary, honourable
6. employee, employer
7. confidant, confident
8. moan, mown
9. secret, secrete
10. fair, fare
11. hole, whole
12. desert, desert, dessert
13. bore, boar, Boer
14. pain, pane
15. social, sociable
16. acquire, inquire, require
17. preserve, reserve, deserve
18. counsellor, councillor
19. main, mane
20. quite, quiet

III. Make sentences to show the use of :

(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)
to get at	to look after	to take after
over	at	for
out of	into	to
into	for	upon
on with	over	up
about	through	by
along	out	in
off	like	on

(*a*)	(*b*)	(*c*)
to get round	to look out of	to take over
into touch with	up to	off
into trouble	down on	out
through	forward to	back
up	upon	undertake
ready	overlook	overtake

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Describe a day in the life of a secretary OR describe some of the following at work (about a paragraph for each) : (1) the ploughman, (2) the bus driver, (3) the blacksmith, (4) the motor mechanic, (5) the shepherd.

II. Ivor Brown has written a very kindly appreciation of the secretary. Write a similar appreciation of (1) a policeman. (2) a teacher.

CONVERSATIONS

MRS CAUDLE LECTURES HER HUSBAND

By DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803-1857)

Douglas Jerrold was a dramatist and essayist, but his most famous work was a series of papers which appeared first in *Punch*, called "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures." Mrs Caudle has an unfailing flow of language which finds its fullest expression in her scolding of Mr Caudle—"one of the few men whom Nature sent into the world as patient listeners"—just as poor Caudle is wanting to go to sleep. Mr Caudle has just lent an umbrella to a friend—and here he hears about it.

"That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, better he should take cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's Day[1]! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and

[1] St Swithin's Day, 15th July. There is a saying that if it rains on St Swithin's Day there will be rain on the next forty days.

worse! Cats and dogs,[1] and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather. I'm determined. No : they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes ; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that ; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me ; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr Caudle. No, sir ; if it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll go all the more. No ; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sxteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there is back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em ; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do ; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will ; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs[2] ; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up[3] for what

[1] To rain "cats and dogs" is to rain very heavily.
[2] clogs=heavy, wooden-soled shoes.
[3] laid up=ill in bed.

you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death ; yes : and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get, too, trapesing[1] through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite.

" *Needn't I wear'em then*?

" *Indeed*, Mr Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy[2] to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows ! it isn't often that I step over the threshold ; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out. Mr Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh ! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow ! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir ; I won't borrow an umbrella. No ; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr Caudle, only listen to this : if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

" Ha ! and it was only last week I had a new ferrule[3] put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new ferruls for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

" Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation! —pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

[1] trapesing=walking (*colloquial*). [2] dowdy=badly dressed woman.
[3] ferrule=guard of metal on the end of a walking-stick or umbrella.

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me ! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons ; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it : people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it ; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too ! Dear things ! They'll be sopping[1] wet : for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning : it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't : you are so aggravating,[2] Caudle ; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school ; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

* * *

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep ; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs ; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

[1] sopping=soaking;completely (*colloquial*).
[2] aggravating=annoying (*a vulgarism*).

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. impose
2. insult
3. hinder
4. threshold
5. ferrule
6. patient
7. calico
8. whalebone

II. Turn the following into Indirect Speech, *e.g.* :

Direct—I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil.

Indirect—Mrs Caudle said she was very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil.

1. He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold.
2. Do you hear the rain, Mr Caudle? [*Mrs Caudle asked Mr Caudle if. . .*]
3. Don't think me a fool, Mr Caudle. [*Mrs Caudle told him . . .*]
4. I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow.
5. When they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing.
6. I know why you lent the umbrella.
7. You take every mean advantage to hinder me.
8. If it comes down in bucketfuls, I'll to.
9. I won't have a cab.
10. Where do you think the money's to come from?
11. I can't pay for cabs and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do.
12. It will teach you to lend umbrellas again.
13. When I do go out I choose to go like a lady.
14. If you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street.
15. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.
16. I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me.

17. You may lose your debt for what I care.
18. It won't be so much as spoiling your clothes.
19. People deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.
20. I'm sure their learning is all their father will leave his children.

III. Supply words to express the particular sound associated with each of the following :
The — of rain on the window.
The — of thunder just above your head.
The — of the waves on the rocks.
The — of the motor-cycle.
The — of drums.

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. We are given the last sentence of Mr Caudle's diary. Give what you think would be the record in his diary of the whole incident, beginning with the ill-fated loan of the umbrella.

II. Describe in about thirty words as to someone who has never seen them before : (1) an umbrella, (2) a bed, (3) an alarm clock, (4) a ladder, (5) a tennis racquet.

WHERE DOES INVENTION LEAD?

A " Conversation in a Train," written

by EIMAR O'DUFFY (1893-1936)

Eimar O'Duffy, born in Dublin, was a most versatile writer. He was a writer of plays, e.g., *The Walls of Athens* and *The Phaenix on the Roof* ; of verse, *A Lay of the Liffey* ; of novels, *The Wasted Island*, *The Portrait Gallery* ; of satires, *King Goshawk and the Birds*, *The Spacious Adventures of the Man in the Street* ;

and of books on economics, *Life and Money*, *Machinery : Captor or Liberator*, and *The Leisure State*. It is from the ideas in these last three books that the Conversation that follows is based. The brilliance and versatility of Mr O'Duffy's work makes all the more tragic his comparatively early death. The conversation was broadcast in March 1935.

The characters are PROFESSOR PANGLOSS, *who might have stepped out of "Candide,"*[1] *but looks like a successful stock-broker ;* MRS CORK, *thirty-six, shabby, careworn, and innately jolly ;* LADY BANSTEAD, *formerly governess to the children of the widowed Lord Banstead, though she tries to forget this ; and* KNOX, *a young man.*

LADY BANSTEAD (*recognising the Professor as she takes the seat opposite his*) : Oh, how do you do. Professor? Economising too, I see. One must in these hard times.

PROFESSOR PANGLOSS : Well, to tell you the truth, I always travel second. Force of habit you know. When I was young and unknown, I had to, and now I just say, "Return to So-and-so," without thinking.

LADY B. : Well, I do it for economy, partly from necessity, and partly from patriotism. We all ought to economise in these hard times, oughtn't we?

PANGLOSS : Certainly.

LADY B. : I'm so glad to hear you say so, because our local Council at present is urging us to spend to create employment, and I've been wondering which I ought to do.

PANGLOSS : A little judicious expenditure by everyone would certainly do a great deal to reduce unemployment.

LADY B. : So I should imagine. But—I hope you won't think it stupid of me—I can't see how one can spend and economise at the same time.

[1] *Candide* is a philosophical novel by Voltaire.

PANGLOSS : One must do them at different times, my dear lady. A wise expenditure that one can really afford is not inconsistent with due economy.

LADY B. : How clearly you put it! Well, I've done my bit in both directions in my own small way. In the spring I bought one frock less than usual in the interests of economy, and in the summer I bought an extra hat in order to give employment. Was that right or wrong?

PANGLOSS : I'm sure you always act for the best, Lady Banstead.

[*There is a moment's silence.* LADY BANSTEAD *looks pensively out of the window.*]

LADY B. : Isn't it dreadful the way the countryside is getting built over near London? And with such dreadfull cheap villas too. Why, only a year ago this part of the line ran through beautiful green fields. The view was too lovely for words. Really, the Government ought to do something about it.

PANGLOSS : All this building makes work, you know.

MRS CORK : It makes 'ouses[1] for people to live in, what's more important.

PANGLOSS : Not *more* important, my good woman. Important, no doubt, for the people who are to live in them, but from an economic point of view, what matters is the employment given to the building trade and the indirect employment to ancillary[2] industries, such as plumbing, carpentering, glazing, electricity, gas, furnishing, textiles, horticulture, iron and steel, and so forth—not to mention the assistance to the local rates.

MRS C. : No offence, guv'nor, but aren't you putting the cart before the 'orse, some'ow? What do you think Adam built the first 'ouse for? To live in, or to give 'imself employment?

[1] Mrs Cork is less well-educated than the others and "drops her h's."
[2] ancillary = attending upon.

PANGLOSS : That is an entirely irrelevant consideration, my good woman. Adam—if there was ever such a person—existed under primitive and extremely individualistic conditions, not in a highly complex and interdependent civilisation like ours.

MRS C. : What's that got to do with it?

[*The train stops ; when it is just beginning to move again the door of the carriage is torn open and* KNOX *is shot in by a porter.*]

PANGLOSS : A close shave,[1] sir. You very nearly missed it.

KNOX : It looks as if that porter was an instrument of destiny. I couldn't make up my mind whether I ought to catch it or not, or whether I oughtn't to throw myself in front of it, and while I was hestitating he shoved me in. Which reminds me, I haven't a ticket.

PANGLOSS : You ought to cultivate decision of mind, young man.

LADY B. : Why did you think you ought to throw yourself in front of the train?

KNOX : Well, I'm in a nasty dilemma,[2] and that seemed the only way out.

[PANGLOSS *laughs heartily.*]

MRS C. : It's a shame for you to laugh at the boy; and him only just saved out of the jaws of death, as the saying is. What was this dilemma, young man?

KNOX : Oh—it isn't for me to bother strangers with my private troubles.

MRS C. : Course it isn't. And it isn't for us to be inquisitive about what doesn't concern us.

LADY B. : Still, it might be a relief to you to unburden your mind—get the trouble off your chest, you know.

KNOX : Well, if you'd really like to know, the fact is, I'm a scientist—an inventor—and I've invented a machine for use in coal-mines which will double the present output with less than half the present labour.

[1] A close shave=a narrow escape (*slang*).
[2] dilemma=a choice of two courses, both of which seem bad.

PANGLOSS (*who has shares in a coal-mine*) : Excellent. Reduce costs and increase our export trade.

KNOX : Yes, but on the other hand, it will throw thousands of miners out of employment.

LADY B. : Well then, for heaven's sake keep it dark. The country will be ruined.

PANGLOSS : Not at all, madam. This notion that machinery causes unemployment is a delusion founded on a fallacy. Machinery lowers costs, therefore it increases our wealth, therefore it means *more* employment, not less.

MRSC. : Easy, guv'nor. I don't see 'ow you make that out. 'Ow can a machine that does the work of a thousand men give more employment?

PANGLOSS : By saving costs, madam, which can then be invested in new undertakings, which in turn give employment.

MRS C. : Not in the mines they don't. And a miner can't turn tinker or tailor at five minutes' notice.

KNOX : Exactly. So there was my position. If I sold my invention I should destroy the livelihood of fifty thousand men and their families ; and if I didn't I should starve—for I put every penny I had into it, and I've nothing even to pay my rent with.

LADY B. : Weren't rather foolish, young man? Couldn't you have invented something more harmless?

KNOX : No. This idea came to me, and simply had to be worked out. An inventor must invent what's in him, just as a poet must write or an artist paint what's in him.

PANGLOSS : Quite so. We mustn't shackle[1] science : and progress must go on in spite of sentimental considerations.

LADY B. : I suppose so. But I wish you scientists would invent something that would *make* work instead of taking it away.

[1] shackle=chain.

PANGLOSS : They do make work, but I wish they would do it less indirectly—to avoid these sudden dislocations which cause so much temporary trouble.

KNOX : The whole object of scientific invention is to save labour and create leisure. But under present economic conditions—which I don't profess to understand—leisure has become a curse instead of a blessing. So you see, I came to the station not quite sure whether I ought to go up to London and sell my invention or throw myself under the train.

PANGLOSS : Well, young man, my advice to you is to get rid of these foolish scruples, this false sentimentality, sell your invention, and invent some more. You will be creating employment in reality, even though apparently doing the opposite.

MRS C. : Excuse me butting in[1] again, guv'nor. Do you say that the object of all this science and progress is to *make* work instead of saving it?

PANGLOSS (*patronisingly*) : Most certainly. That is the principal benefit it confers on society.

MRS C. : Benefit ! Then all I can say is you've never done any work.

PANGLOSS : On the contrary, I probably work harder —certainly longer—than most manual labourers. I often do ten or twelve hours a day—no trade union restrictions in my job, you know. But perhaps you wouldn't consider lecturing and writing books as work

MRS C. : Not real work, I don't. But that isn't what I'm getting at. Suppose you 'ad to make ends meet[2] on four pounds a week—when you could get it—and keep a 'ard-working man and three 'ungry children on it, and cook all their meals and wash up after, and make their beds, and clean all the 'ouse, and darn th socks and patch their clothes, and tidy up the

[1] butting in = coming in when not wanted (*slang*)
[2] make ends meet = keep one's expenditure within one'

they leave about, besides doing a bit of charring[1] outside—would you want anybody to *make* work for you then?

PANGLOSS : You are arguing on a false analogy,[2] madam.

MRS C. : There's nothing false about me. What's true in the 'ome is ture in the country. Nobody wants work made for 'im. We're ready and willing to do what's necessary to get the goods made that people want to buy. Making work after that is only doing what my Bill does when he dirties my clean floor. And when I read in the papers of 'ow they're destroying the things we've sweated to make—cotton and wheat and tea and things—and then trying to make more work instead of letting us do less, it fair gets my goat.[3] You say that the object of industry and science and progress is to make work. Well, wouldn't an earthquake or a great fire make more work then any of them?—and do it quicker too? Would you call them blessings on that account? If an earthquake laid all the buildings in England flat to-morrow, there'd be work for everyone then, wouldn't there?

PANGLOSS : Undoubtedly, in one sense. But——

MRS C. : *Excuse* me. You'd know what a 'ouse was really for then, guv'nor, when it was giving you more work than you'd ever done in your life.

LADY B. : Oh, I do wish we could have a real big earthquake like that. It would solve the whole problem at once.

PANGLOSS : Nonsense.

LADY B. : Why? It would make work for everyone, wouldn't it?

KNOX : You can't get away from that, Professor. If work is the object of our system, as you say, an earthquake on a sufficiently large scale would solve this terrible

[1] charring = employment by the hour in house-cleaning.
[2] analogy = likeness.
[3] gets my goat = makes me angry (*slang*).

problem that has baffled all our economists and all our statesmen—directly, too, not indirectly, and quite suddenly, without any awkward transition stage, and wouldn't that be a blessing in reality, even if a disaster in appearance?

MRS C. : 'E's got you there nicely, Professor. Ticked you off[1] proper in your own very words. Now, suppose such a thing really 'appened all over the world at once, why shouldn't we all, on our own showing, be better off than what we are?

PANGLOSS : The case is impossible, madam, so no useful conclusion can be drawn from it.

MRS C. : It 'appened in Japan not so long ago, but I don't remember if they counted it among their blessings.

PANGLOSS : Well, if such an impossible event did occur, instead of there being work for all, there would be no work for anybody.

MRS. C. : No work for anybody, with everything in ruins.!

KNOX : Don't be paradoxical, Professor.

PANGLOSS : Well, perhaps I did put it a little—er—strangely. There *would* be work—far more than we could pay for.

KNOX : You economists ought to attend a little to the niceties of language. A minute ago you said there'd be *no* work. Now you say there'd be too much. What is the poor uninstructed laity[2] to make of such a contradiction?

MRS. C. : Don't worry the poor gentleman after 'e's climbed down[3] so 'andsome.[4] Let's put it another way. A few weeks ago, guv'nor, two battleships 'ad a collision and smashed each other up. That gave a lot of employment in the shipyards, didn't it?

[1] Tick you off=scold ; show where you are wrong (*slang*).
[2] laity=general public, other than members of a profession.
[3] To climb down=to give way, admit you are wrong.
[4] 'andsome=handsomely (*vulgarism*).

PANGLOSS : I believe so.

MRS C. : And that's a good thing—according to you?

PANGLOSS : A very good thing—for the men employed.

KNOX : Now, Professor, don't hedge.[1] If unemployment is a social calamity, anything that helps to cure it must be a good thing for us all.

PANGLOSS : To a certain extent.

MRS C. : Well, if that's so, wouldn't it be a good idea to get a 'ole[2] lot of our ships to run into each other on purpose—taking care that nobody was 'urt, of course?

PANGLOSS : Don't be ridiculous. Of course it wouldn't.

MRS C. : Why not? It would give employment to all the idle workers in the yards.

PANGLOSS : Once again we are getting back into the realms of absurdity.

KNOX : Very true, Professor. But why? Because we are following a doctrine of political economy to its logical conclusion. So it's not because *we're* absurd. It's because political economy is absurd.

PANGLOSS : ! ! ! (*He snorts*[3] *indignantly, overwhelmed by the preposterousness of this assertion, which, however, he is unable to answer.*)

MRS C. : Never mind 'im, guv'nor. Listen to me. A short time ago the Bury Town Council decided to use hand labour instead of machine labour on a road they were making. Was that right or wrong?

PANGLOSS : It was very humane,[4] my good woman, but hardly economical.

KNOX : How can it be uneconomical if the purpose of industry is to provide work?

PANGLOSS : One has to consider the cost, my friend. Human labour is more expensive than mechanical

[1] hedge = avoid giving a straight, honest answer.
[2] 'ole = whole.
[3] snorts = forces air violently through the nose
[4] humane = kind

labour. We could probably set every one of the unemployed to work on the roads by such a policy, but it would mean involving the whole community in a huge load of debt.

KNOX : Well, paying it off would give us more employment still, wouldn't it?

PANGLOSS : Undoubtedly. More than we should relish,[1] I'm afraid.

MRS C. : And work such a noble thing and all ! Isn't i queer that there's always too much of it, or else too little, according to these economics. Well, Mr Professor 'ere's one last question. Suppose that instead of an earthquake or a lot of accidents *making* work for everybody, machines could do all the work, leaving none for anybody. What would happen then?

PANGLOSS : That is another impossible supposition.

KNOX : Not at all. We're gradually approaching a situation of the sort. Machinery is steadily doing away with the need for human labour. Suppose that in another hundred years or so we require only a million workers to supply the requirements of the whole population? Shall we all have to starve, or rub along[2] on unemployment pay levied out of their wages? And if not, how are we to live?

PANGLOSS : It is not the function of a Professor of Economics to lay down laws for an impossible Utopia[3] of slackers.[4]

LADY B. : Oh, Professor, why not? I should love to live in a Utopia where everything was beautiful and the people had nothing to do that made them coarse and common. Look at me. Once I had to work for my living, and my hands were spoilt, and I was often shabby and

[1] relish = enjoy.
[2] rub along = continue to do a thing but with difficulty.
[3] Utopia = ideal state, from Sir T. More's book, *Utopia* (Greek, *nowhere*), 1516.
[4] slackers = lazy people (*colloquial*).

bad-tempered. Now I have factory workers to earn my living for me, and so I can attend to my appearance, and I'm always comfortable and happy. Why shouldn't everyone else be the same if machinery can do the work and supply everything they want?

PANGLOSS : In the most fantastic Utopia any poet ever dreamed of there'd always be work for someone. The machinery would have to be tended, you know.

KNOX : But even in this prosaic and un-Utopian world of ours there's no work for several millions. Why should they starve when the goods they want are ready for them?

LADY B. : Come, Professor. I believe there's nothing standing between us and prosperity but these horrid economics of yours, and the very silly notion at the back of your mind that people ought to be compelled to drudge for the good of their characters. Well, that's all nonsense. When I had to work I had to do all sorts of mean and petty and selfish things in order to get on, as it's called. And I often had to take jobs that were utterly useless, merely for the sake of the money. But now I can be generous and large-minded (though I forget myself sometimes by force of habit—like when I said silly things about those villas just now), and I can be useful sometimes as well as ornamental.

MRS C. : And look at me, with my temper and my appearance spolit, and 'ardly able to stand sometimes after working all day at things that some of these 'ouse-'old machines could do for me, if I could afford to buy them. Why, my 'usband 'elps to make such things, and we 'aven't got one ourselves, and 'e's often out of work for weeks at a stretch.

KNOX : And look at me, trying to commit suicide because people can't afford to buy enough of what I invent to give me a decent livelihood and go on inventing.

LADY B. : We're all against you, Professor. You must

invent a new system of economics that will *begin* with goods and leisure, and *end* with work and money, instead of the other way round. I'm sure you're clever enough to do that if you'd only try.

KNOX : That's right. We scientists can provide the goods and the leisure if you can work out how to distribute them.

MRS C. : 'E won't do it. I can see it in 'is eye. 'E's so set on these economics of 'is that 'e can't see the truth, not when it's put under 'is nose.

LADY B. : Oh, I'm sure that's not true. You *will* try and think out a plan, won't you, Professor Pangloss? For your own sake as well as for the poor unemployed, because we'd all be so much happier if things went smoother. Just think what a delightful world it would be if all this pinching and economising, which are really just as unnecessary as the poverty of the workers, were done away with. Why, it would be a regular paradise instead of a sort of——

PORTER'S VOICE (*as the train stops*) : Clapham Junction !

EXERCISES

I. Use these words in sentences :

1. economise
2. judicious
3. expenditure
4. irrelevant
5. decision
6. dilemma
7. buffers
8. inquisitive
9. unburden
10. delusion
11. fallacy
12. tinker
13. dislocation
14. scruples
15. manual
16. analogy
17. earthquake
18. baffle
19. disaster
20. paradox
21. nicety
22. collision
23. calamity
24. absurdity
25. overwhelm
26. preposterous
27. supposition
28. levy
29. fantastic
30. drudge

II. Use these phrases in sentences of your own. All the phrases appear in the conversation you have just read :

1. in these hard times
2. force of habit
3. too lovely for words
4. putting the cart before the horse
5. a close shave
6. the horns of a dilemma
7. to take the bull by the horns
8. the jaws cf death
9. get it off your chest (*slang*)
10. keep it dark
11. to butt in (*slang*)
12. to make ends meet
13. it gets my goat (*slang*)
14. he ticked me off (*slang*)
15. on your own showing
16. to climb down
17. don't hedge
18. on purpose
19. to rub along
20. at the back of your mind

III. Derive as many words as you can from each of these, *e.g.*, *invent*—invention, inventor, inventive, uninventive, inventiveness :

1. true
2. build
3. employ
4. civil
5. science
6. progress
7. work
8. solve
9. social
10. life
11. distant
12. discover
13. explore
14. spend
15. human

COMPOSITION EXERCISES

I. Give a short account of each of the four characters in this conversation.

II. Discuss the ideas they bring forward. Whom do you agree with? Can you point out where any of them is wrong?

III. Prepare a debate on one of these topics :

(*a*) Have inventions of the last hundred years made us happier?
(*b*) Will the cinema or television take the place of the theatre?
(*c*) Ought men and women to have equal pay for doing the same work?
(*d*) Is professionalism in sport a good or a bad thing?
(*e*) Is life in a large town more pleasant than life in the country?

NOTE ON SUGGESTED ORDER OF READING

THE material in this book is not arranged in order of difficulty. Teachers may find this suggested grouping (roughly according to difficulty) helpful.

A

The Luncheon
Nine Needles
The Glove
Post Haste
The Bear
Mornings at Seven
The Happy Prince
Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead
Lucy
The Dancing Partner
Barkis Proposes to Peggotty
The Never-Never Nest
Memorabiiia

B

I am a Highbrow
I am a Lowbrow
A Mad Tea-party
Abou Ben Adhem
If I were You
Mrs Caudle
Acme
The Launching of the "Queen Mary"
Becky and Amelia
Lavengro
The Trial of Fergus MacIvor
Friday Morning
The Patriot

C

Where does Invention Lead?
Back to the Desk
The Death Trap
The Highwayman
The Pearl of Love
The Destruction of Sennacherib
A Jacobite's Epitaph
Ulysses
Sad Secretary

INDEX OF EXERCISES

Active and passive voice, 121-2, 150, 192
Adjectives from nouns, 53
— possessive, 178
Adverbs from nouns, 53
Alliteration, 190
alone, 218
Animal sounds, 52
Animals, masculine and feminine of, 176
— young, 130

brother's and *brothers'*, 218

Comparisons, idiomatic, 8, 168
Complex sentences, 76
Composition exercises, 9, 15, 22, 27, 37, 43, 53, 67, 77, 84, 92, 100, 123, 130, 143, 151, 157, 159, 169, 176, 178, 184, 188, 191, 192, 199, 206, 213, 219, 224, 230, 242
Comprehension exercises, 22, 42, 67, 83, 177, 183

Definitions, 217, 230
Deriving words, 242
Direct and indirect speech, 75, 99, 121, 156-7, 188, 229

every day and *everyday*, 218

Feminine and masculine of animals, 176
few and *a few*, 218

get, 223
-gram, words ending in, 123
-graph, words ending in 123

her and *hers*, 178

Idiomatic comparisons, 8, 168
— phrases, 7, 36
Indirect speech, 75, 99, 121, 156-7, 188, 229
Infinitive, replace by correct form, 130, 168
Insert words omitted, 26, 41, 197
Interrogative sentences, 205
it, its, it's, 178

Last and *least*, 218
Letters, 67, 68
little and *a little*, 218
look, 223

Masculine and feminine of animals, 176
Memory work, 27, 179, 190
-meter, words ending in, 123
My and *mine*, 178

Negative sentences, 14, 75, 205
Nouns, adjectives and adverbs from, 53
— from verbs, 212
— from other parts of speech, 122

Omission of subject, 26
Omitted words, 26, 41, 197
only, 219
Onomatipoeia, 176
Opposites, 14, 22, 42, 150
our and *ours*, 178

Paraphrase, 183-4, 188, 192
Participles to join sentences, 157
Passive voice, from active, 121-2, 192

Passive voice, to active, 150
-phone, words ending in, 123
Phrases use and explain, 26, 99, 242
Prepositions, insert, 8, 141-3, 198
— with verbs, 223
Pronouns and adjectives, possessive, 178
Pronunciation, 66, 91
Prose order for verse order, 183
Punctuation, 36, 143

Questions on texts, 22, 42, 67, 83, 177, 183

Rhyming words, 91

-scope, words ending in, 123
Sentences, joining, 76, 157, 212
— to make negative, 14, 75, 205
— to make ingenrogative, 205
— simple to complex, 76, 212
Ships and shipping words, 205
Similes, 8, 168, 190
slang, 99
sometimes and *some times*, 219
Sounds, various, 52, 219
Subjects for debates, 243
Synthesis, 76, 157, 212

take, 223
their and *theirs*, 178
too, 218

use and *used*, 218

Verbs, correct form from infinitive, 130, 168
— from nouns, 53
— nouns from, 212
Voice, active and passive, 121-2, 150, 192

who and *whose*, 178
Words, derived from others, 242
— ending in *-phone*, *-graph*, etc., 123
— for phrase, 14
— liable to be confused, 66, 188, 192, 223
— omitted, to be inserted, 76, 41, 197
— on ships and shipping, 205
— to be used in sentences, 7, 14, 21, 26, 36, 52, 66, 75, 83, 91, 99, 121, 129, 141, 149, 156, 167, 175, 177, 183, 190, 196, 204, 211, 217, 223, 229, 241

Young, of animals, 130
your and *yours*, 178